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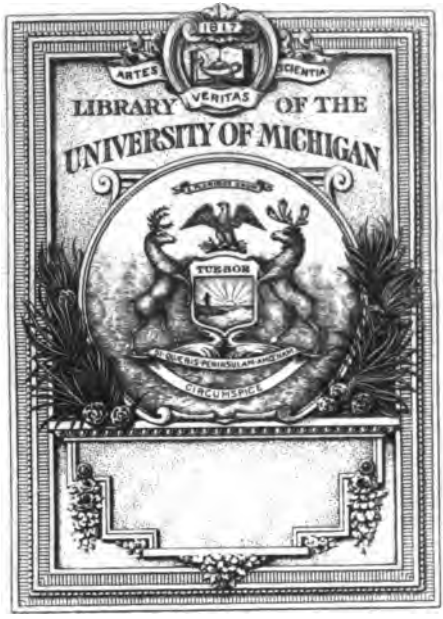
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NARRATIVE

OF THE LATE

EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

VICINITY
OF THE ANCIENT CITY OF
JERUSALEM.
Gibeah
Ramah
Rock and Cave of Rimmon
Anathoth
Plain of Tabor
JERUSALEM
Mt. Calvary
Bahurim
Bethphage
Mt. of Olives
Bethany
Eusheneseh
Waters of Bethanbah
Almon
Jotbah
Migdalgenne
Azmaveth
Nibsham
Absalom's Pillar
Cave of the Apostles
Vale of Rephaim
Tomb of Rachel
Etam
Netophah
Fields of Kidron
Brook Cedron or Kidron
Bethlehem
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Desert of Bethlehem
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Tekoah
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JERUSALEM.
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3 Salem or the Lower Town
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14 House of the Mighty
15 Millo
16 Herods House
17 Helens House
18 Hippodrome
19 Fort of Antonio
20 Fort of Antiochus
21 Theatre

UNIV OF MICH.

NARRATIVE

OF THE LATE

EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

FROM A DIARY

BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

EDITED BY

EDWARD P. MONTAGUE,

ATTACHED TO THE UNITED STATES EXPEDITION SHIP SUPPLY.

WITH INCIDENTS AND ADVENTURES FROM THE TIME OF THE SAILING OF THE EXPEDITION IN NOVEMBER, 1847, TILL THE RETURN OF THE SAME IN DECEMBER, 1848.

ILLUSTRATED WITH A MAP OF THE HOLY LAND HANDSOMELY COLORED.

PHILADELPHIA:

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1849.

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TO THE

PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA,

UNDER THE

AUSPICES OF WHOSE GOVERNMENT

THE

EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA WAS UNDERTAKEN,

THIS

LITTLE VOLUME

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED,

BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

D.C.-29-36 Dr. Mc.

PREFACE.

UNTIL within the last few years, the Dead Sea—Nazareth and Bethlehem—the plains of Jericho—the sacred stream in which John baptized Jesus, and over which the Israelites, under Joshua, passed: in a word, all those immortalized portions of the East now included under the term Holy Land—had, in the minds of most readers of the Bible, but an ideal existence. These localities, distant from the great marts of commerce, and of but little interest except for their historical associations, were enshrouded in comparative oblivion. Of late years, a number of distinguished travelers have visited the interior of Palestine; but their published narratives have been so voluminous, and in most instances,

so expensively got up, that they have been almost out of the reach of the general reader. We have therefore little reason to wonder that so many erroneous ideas concerning this portion of the East are prevalent. With the exception of the United States, no nation can boast of a successful expedition to the shores of the Dead Sea. The boldness with which this novel enterprise was planned and executed, is a favorable indication of the energy and intelligence of our countrymen.

This Expedition has but just returned to our shores, laden with valuable specimens and curiosities. It would be superfluous, perhaps, to say that the public is awaiting, with deep anxiety, the forthcoming elaborate report upon the results of the enterprise, by the able commander of the Expedition. But while the author of this unpretending volume has concluded that many readers would be unable to pay a large sum for the gratification which they should undoubtedly derive from a pe-

rusal of Lieut. Lynch's work, he has thought that such readers are still sufficiently interested in the results of so novel an undertaking as to be anxious to possess a small volume, which would contain a description of the principal incidents of the Expedition, and include a tolerable summary of the researches made by its intelligent officers.

The following Diary was commenced at the time of sailing from New York, and continued, with little intermission, throughout the whole period of the Expedition. It contains an account of the most interesting incidents which have occurred on sea and on land; of storms, of calms; of adventures and interviews; of researches and experiments; of difficulties and successes. Most of the diary was written on board ship; a portion in port;—while a part of it was indited on shore, on horseback, or whilst mounted on the back of the camel.

This book is written in the language of ordinary men. Take it for what it is worth. Should its peru-

sal awaken in your minds an ardent desire to take a trip up the beautiful Mediterranean, and through the time-honored land of Palestine, think of the dangers which at times surround the stranger and the traveler.

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NARRATIVE

OF THE LATE

EXPEDITION TO THE DEAD SEA.

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Preparations for Expedition—Ship "Supply," at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn—Expedition men muster on board—Anxiety to sail—Detentions—Powder on board—At anchor off the Battery, New York, with pilot on board—Wind-bound—Steamboats on the North and East rivers—Ships in port—Officers gone ashore—Anxiety to put to sea—New York fire-bells—Detentions—Patience rewarded—Final adieux to friends at Bank House, Jersey City, &c.—Anxiety for my safety, and the success of the "Expedition"—Change of weather.

As soon as it had been decided by the government of this great Republican country, that an Expedition to the River Jordan and to the Dead Sea, should be sent out, every necessary measure was set on foot and speedily consummated. A public notice appeared that a certain number of men were wanted to carry it into effect: the appropriate officers were selected, and appointed for this

"special service:" provisions, small stores, books, charts, instruments, utensils, boats, medicines, &c., were provided, and a very handsome ship was set apart, entirely at the discretion of the Commander of the Expedition, after having delivered to the American squadron its supplies, which formed the cargo of the ship. The vessel so set apart, was called the "Supply," and was a store-ship belonging to the U. S. Naval service. While she lay close to the dock at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, she was admired as an exceedingly "beautiful model." She was one of the pictures which delight a sailor's eye, and starts his "yarns" of "other crafts"—a perfect model of a good sailer, one which "floated like a duck." From her majestic bearing one would almost have fancied, as he beheld her, that she was aware of her high destination. On the 6th of November, 1847, she was ready to receive her crew and the "Expedition party." On that day the officers were ordered on board, as well as the draft of men from the Receiving Ship, the "North Carolina," which is stationed at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. Every man answered to the general muster, then stowed away his "bag and hammock," and looking round on deck—and below,

too—expressed his satisfaction that the ship was as good a one as he ever wished to sail in. "All hands" being on board, there was heard one general expression of anxiety to "sail"—to haul off and drop down to the anchorage off the Battery—or to "clear Sandy Hook," and "to get outside." Speculations were rife as to the passage we might make "this time o' year" crossing the Atlantic; some gave us twenty days, some twenty-five, and others again twenty-two: calculating upon a prevailing westerly wind.

November 16*th.* Not yet away. One legitimate cause after another detains us; all our cargo is not yet on board—having, however, our "quantum" of powder stowed in our magazine. We haul off from the dock, for fear of an accident; but for my part I had rather be blown up close to the Navy Yard here, than when half way between New York and Gibraltar, or half way between Gibraltar and the coast of Syria; but "either way," I hope the powder will *only*, and *always*, obey the prudently applied match, whether in the act of self-defence, or in that of "firing a friendly salute." But we are bound for the "Holy Land," and have no idea

of meeting with, or of dealing out hostilities, either in crossing the Atlantic or in sailing up the Mediterranean—or yet while lying in any port.

Nov. 20th. At last we have "dropped down" to the anchorage off the "Battery," and have the satisfaction of knowing that we have started our first anchor, and have moved off from the Navy Yard with our "cargo," and all ready for sea, with our pilot on board. Every one is anxious to be on the "rolling wave;" but unfortunately the wind is "dead-ahead." Here, then, we can take another look at New York, and at the busy myriads who do business on her splendid streams; here we see the "river steamboats, the floating palaces," leaving their different wharves, laden with immense cargoes of human beings, and moving onward with increasing speed; here, also, are the immense "Packet Ships," and the little sailing boats: the steam ferry-boats, for Brooklyn and for Jersey City; and the barks, brigs, and schooners, for all the different home and foreign ports in the vast world—but only "*one*" among them for the renowned "Holy Land." What a different scene awaits us there! How few, comparatively, shall we see on the entire coast of Syria! How few,

compared with the fleets of ancient times, when kingdom warred against kingdom! We may now only expect to see the *locality* in which their sails were once spread to the breeze, or furled amid the din and carnage of battle.—Some of our officers have gone ashore to-night, to the theatre, and to bid, once more, an "adieu" to their friends and homes.

Nov. 22*d.* Still at anchor off the Battery; we are all anxious for a change of wind—to be on our way—impatient to see the city of Jerusalem; for we are really bound to see that very city—although not in ancient grandeur—unless some ill luck should befall us. Not that we feel so very desirous to leave our homes, and our friends and families; but finding ourselves under sailing orders, we are not the ones to look back, as did "*Lot's wife,*" when ordered out of the City of Sodom. Every day's detention increases the anxiety of the man who has before him so interesting and novel a trip. Who does not wish to see the time-honored "Land of Palestine," the River Jordan—and that remarkable Sea whose waters slumber over the overthrown cities of Sodom and Gomorrah? How graphically is the mournful

history of these cities described in the early chapters of Genesis! We want to observe the present appearance of these particular places; and, "impatient as the wheels of time," our minds have already commenced their trip across the mighty Atlantic, as though determined not to wait for wind, tide, or ship.—Again we see these splendid "steamboats" moving along quite busily: but here we lie without moving an inch, save when the tide carries us round by persuasive measures. Again we hear the bells of the different public clocks, registering each successive hour as it flies away; and now and then we can hear the deep and sonorous sounds of the bell which calls out the ready and indefatigable firemen—vividly recalling to our minds those scenes of sorrow and of suffering which have so often occurred around us on shore! We wonder if the inhabitants of the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah possessed, or needed, the same facilities of alarm?

Nov. 24th. Oh how distressing is this detention, day after day—this bidding one's friends adieu, positively for the last time, over and over again! It reminds me of those successful exhibitions, whose time of departure at positively this date, and then

at that date, is placarded up and down the streets, till everybody is tired of seeing them, and till the placards cease to interest us. How different with us is the moving cause of detention! *We* are at the positive mercy of the wind, and "cannot leave these diggins any how." I have, however, found nothing to regret in being here still, for, had we gone out this morning, several "little things," which yield a "*great deal*" of comfort to the voyager, would have been left behind: and I, in consequence, should have been much more uncomfortable than I could well have conceived. It is all for the best that we should exercise a little patience before we enter upon the great and wide seas, for we know not what awaits us there. Still, we feel prepared for the worst: and since our destiny for the immediate future is "on the ocean wave," with a stout vessel and crew, we say let the storm come down. At sunset we watch the motions of the clouds, and such as are "weatherwise," interpret for the rest. And to-night it is positively asserted that we shall get a fair wind to-morrow, and be able to "put to sea."

Nov. 25th. Not one knot nearer the classic coast of the Grecian isles: not an inch nearer to the

famous current which runs from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean: not one fraction farther from the cities of New York and Philadelphia. Some of us are restless; sleepless nights succeed days of anxiety; we become tired of bidding our "final adieux;" while day dreams, night visions, and the absolute toil and hardship of swinging at anchor here all day, impair our wonted vigor. But there are "*signs*" of a westerly wind, and every prospect prevails for moving off *to-morrow*.—Plenty of papers on board: news up to this afternoon are strewn about in the ship. Amongst the files of the "Herald," there appears an article in reference to (the all-absorbing subject on board) our Expedition to the Dead Sea. I have just been on shore to Aspinwall's in Maiden Lane, and to Shaffer's at the Bank House, Jersey City, where every one appears interested in this Expedition. Nor is that wish confined to a *few*. Every friend or acquaintance I have this day met, in the street, in the store, or at the table, participates in this feeling. And while in earnest conversation, I thought, why should these good folks be so much concerned about this Expedition? But now, while quietly resting my tired bones on board, I say to

myself, rather, why should they *not* be anxiously interested in it? Why should not every man, woman, and child, throughout the vast extent of America, feel interested concerning a subject which has excited deep feeling throughout Germany, and the United Kingdoms of England, Ireland, and Scotland? It is so—it must be so. Anything connected with the modern history of such places as Joppa, Arimathea, Bethany, Bethlehem, Nazareth, and *Jerusalem;*—anything connected with the modern history of the River Jordan, its banks, surrounding plains and mountains, from the Lake of Genesereth down to the heavy and mysterious waters of the Dead Sea, its banks, bed, and shores, must awaken the deep sympathies of every thoughtful man. We, a little family of Americans on board, are not the only persons who feel concerned relative to the results of our contemplated trip up the Mediterranean, and beyond it to the inland districts called Palestine or the Holy Land. Oh no! Thousands upon thousands have the success of this expedition at heart.—To-night the weather is very uncomfortable, cloudy; and a drizzly rain renders it dark and disagreeable. The lights up the rivers and in the city appear of an unnatural hue, as

they penetrate the heavy atmosphere. I am hoping for an immediate change in the weather: and, of course, in the wind. Yet, not even this murky evening can dampen the ardor with which I look forward to the pleasure and gratification I shall derive from my voyage to the most interesting regions of the world—to the birthplace of events more dear to the human heart, than all that the whole world besides has produced.

CHAPTER II.

Fair breeze—All hands up anchor—Last view of New York—Passing down the Narrows—Off Sandy Hook—Letter bag for New York—The pilot boat—Securing baggage—Sea-sickness—Benefit of good sea-legs—Recovery from sea-sickness—Enjoyments at Locust Grove Farm, Rahway, N. J., contrasted with "the pleasures of the sea."

NOVEMBER 26TH. To-day we sail—that's positive. A fair breeze is blowing, and will carry us down the Narrows in style. The boatswain's mate tips off from his "pipe" the call "all hands up anchor." All is bustle fore and aft, and now we are actually moving off from our anchorage at the Battery, and steering for Sandy Hook. Actually under weigh at last: and have bid adieu to "dear old Jersey City," to New York and Brooklyn—no more to pour upon them our steady gaze, by day or night, till, unless some unexpected accident befall us, we shall have visited the Plains of Jericho, or the city of Damascus. And now in passing down the Narrows, we throw around

us the parting gaze—the adieu—upon all that ever interested us in these localities: and the buildings and the forest trees, which figure in the scenery around us, growing more dim, are at last lost in the distance.

Nov. 27th. Off Sandy Hook at last. The pilot leaves us to-day, and takes with him a bag for the post-office at New York, containing our last, last epistles to our friends and families—telling them that we are really at sea; that we have really commenced our voyage, in good health and spirits; and advising them to keep a look out for the reports which may from time to time appear in the newspapers concerning our whereabouts; and assuring them that we fully intend to comply with their urgent requests, so far as relates to our writing letters from Gibraltar, informing them of the incidents of our passage, &c. Yes, the pilot has left the ship, and his little craft skims along the waves, and is soon out of sight; he is bound home—we are bound out. I have been below to ascertain whether my baggage is sufficiently secure, in case we have heavy weather; and to look after the various little jars of "preserves," and bottles of choice "pickles," &c., which my friends

have packed for me. I suppose they, like myself, know the value of these little luxuries at sea.

After seeing all things safe below, I came up on deck to take a look round, before we quite lost sight of the "high lands of old Neversink." A fair breeze had sprung up, and we had already logged several times a rate of eight and a half knots (miles) per hour. And away we dashed—our good, strongly built ship dividing each successive opposing wave in majestic style.

The utility of a good pair of "sea legs" has already become unmistakably apparent. It is also evident that some persons on board are without them, for they strive to preserve their perpendicularity as if on shore, walking by the stately trees that front the houses on either side the streets in the city. Everything here seems changing its position, even the very deck on which they stand, and the masts, and rigging, and furniture, by which they are surrounded; their ideas become bewildered, and their brains overcome with giddiness. The contents of a well supplied stomach become uneasy, and a fit of the most unenviable, enervating, and wretched "sea-sickness" is the consequence. Perhaps a severe vomiting takes

place and relieves, or perchance by lying on the back and closing one's eyes for a short time, this result is obtained. For my own part, I was visited in the style first mentioned; and had to resort to my hammock, in order to obtain immediate alleviation. I there sought my camphor bottle, and bathing my head and the small of my back, I began directly to improve; and now I can glory in the positive possession of as good a pair of "sea legs" as any one on board; but I am told that my face is yet as "white as a sheet." But that is at present my necessary companion. I can walk the deck about as well as I ever did, and maintain my footing the same as though walking up Broadway in New York, the Via-Dolorosa in Jerusalem, or the Street which is to this day called Straight, in the city of Damascus. Yes, in as straightforward a manner as though walking in St. James' Park in London, or Princess Street in Edinburgh.

Nov. 28th. Sunday evening. I have pretty well recovered from the debilitating effect of sea-sickness, and have already consumed some of the "arrow-root," which one of my friend's jars contained. It was very acceptable indeed. I can now "go ahead" with the best of them at the breakfast

and dinner table. Johnson, the cook, has brought me several apples, which I sent to the galley to be roasted, and really they are a perfect luxury: and while eating them, I find that I must make the best of them; because at sea, when one's little luxuries "give out," there is no going to a store and replenishing one's stock.

How often do I call to mind the happy, happy, days I so recently spent at Rahway, at the farm called "Locust Grove:" where, with my friends, time passed so delightfully; sometimes amongst the thrashers in the barn; sometimes driving the fine mules in the wagon down to the buckwheat field: sometimes in the corn field, gathering a load of pumpkins; and sometimes in the field with dog and gun; or in the garden amongst the potato crop; or in getting honey from the bee-hives; or smoking a cigar on the lawn at our eventide leisure; and now and then taking a ride into the country, or driving down to Rahway to the church on Sunday—thus making my visit one of the happiest of my life. But now for a season am I cut off from such enjoyments; and nothing but "water and sky," and now and then a sail, in sight. We have bid adieu to the "terra firma" of our friends, and to the

whole republican world of America. We cannot now, as we have done, spread our table with *newly*-gathered produce from our own land. Bread, butter, cheese, mutton, milk, honey, vegetables and fruit, are not gathered within a minute's walk from our bed, as is the case at Locust Grove; nor can we go to market once a week, nor take an "occasional" drive to the mill. Here we are upon the "briny deep," and still increasing our distance from the land. But the weather is pleasant, and the sunset scenes are really beautiful.

CHAPTER III.

Storm at sea—Result of leaving things "half secure" on board ship—Trial of temper—Devotedness to success of Expedition—Exchange signals with an English brig—Divine service on board ship and St. George's Church, New York—Fair breeze—Earthquake of 1755, under the Atlantic—Phosphorescence of the sea—Experiments—Color of the sea water—Analysis—Gale of wind—Land ho!—The Western Islands—Historical recollections—The "wind hog"—Anxiety to "clear the land."

DECEMBER 2D. During the last three days we have experienced one of those heavy storms which are common on the broad Atlantic ocean. The sun, at midday, hid himself and withdrew his genial influences, and the storm kept increasing from its commencement. The moon and stars lacked their lustre: the day was dull, wet, dreary: the night was very dark: the ship rolled and pitched with most exciting fury: the sea dashed over us: the wind howled, yea, thundered, and the rain drops fell heavily and fast: the sails were nearly all furled, and the watch on deck probably wet to the skin. Everything which had not been well secured

commenced dancing some of the most lively polkas; chairs, books, inkstands, seemed all alive in the scene; trunks and boxes moved from place to place during the violent motion of the ship. Day and night, night and day, till the storm had reached its fury, this general movement prevailed. Wave after wave, of tremendous height, tossed us about like a thing of no weight. Sometimes our gallant ship rode the lofty wave almost to the skies, and then descending on the other side, seemed to threaten us with a watery grave. But she rode out the storm without loss or damage; the storm dying away on the third day. During two nights and days the hatches were fastened down. Some of us, amid the prevailing consternation, left many things insecure, and were obliged to take the risk of the storm in regard to their safety, for we could not go below to secure them, were obliged to seek a hiding-place during the night for ourselves, where the furiously dashing waves would not reach us: while our apartments were battened down to secure the safety of the ship, and the royal masts and royals and topgallant sails were housed on deck to ease her.

I have come down below this morning to "take

a look" at things, and find my desk thrown down, papers, books, &c., projecting from its lid; the ink-stand broke, ink spilt upon some of my copies of "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," mixing with the contents of a broken bottle of dissolved gum Arabic, and spoiling books and papers, cementing the leaves together just as they were folded when jammed in their downfall. Nor was this all the damage done. I had thus far kept my temper down. Upon examining my case of preserves, pickles, and other little luxuries, I found one jar of preserved grapes completely broken in two, the contents covering everything below it, and running into my jar of arrow-root, which is completely spoiled; also a bottle of Cologne, and several other things scarce worth mentioning now that they are gone. I felt exceedingly provoked with myself for my carelessness, and having strongly *secured* what things were left, I tried to repair damages in another quarter: and made up my mind that all this and more is to be borne on a trip up the Mediterranean, and especially on a voyage to the "Holy Land." Who would not cheerfully submit to this to have a peep at Jerusalem, Nazareth, Damascus, the banks of the Jordan,

and the "Dead Sea?" For my own part, it does not much matter what we "*undergo*," so that we do not "*go under*." An English brig, with several passengers on board, passed us, bound to New York, the day before the storm commenced; and I have heard our Captain make frequent mention of the "poor little brig," during the storm. We exchanged signals with her, and soon lost sight of her. We hope she sustained no damage.

Dec. 3*d*. After a good night's rest, and a hearty breakfast, I'm once more on deck in good health and spirits. The weather is fine and beautiful, the wind fair, and the ship is in good trim; her royal-masts are "sent up," and her royal and topgallant sails are lifted to the breeze: and we are running along at a snug rate. Everything goes on well. To-day is Sunday. All hands were mustered on deck about half-past ten o'clock for "Divine Service." How different a scene is this from that which I have frequently seen when I have listened to the powerful voice of the Rev. Dr. Tyng in his own Church at New York. Here the whole ship is in perpetual motion, and the listeners are officers and sailors of the U. S. Navy; the sky is the covering of the church in which they worship, and

the rude ocean the foundation by which it is supported. The recurrence of the Sabbath day always brings with it the pleasing associations of bygone days to persons who, while at sea, have left interesting friends and families on shore.

The sun is once more sinking below the western horizon, and bidding us adieu, while the breeze partly dies away; the sea becomes calm, serene, and beautiful; and some of us, seated on the guns, "take a look" at those scenes of grandeur which accompany the hour of "sunset."

Dec. 6th. Still moving onward, pushing our way across the broad Atlantic; every hour brings us nearer to the "beautiful Mediterranean;" every hour augments our distance from home. It is said that the great earthquake of 1755, which extended over a tract of at least four millions of square miles, originated beneath the Atlantic Ocean, the waves of which received almost as violent a concussion as the land. We hope to escape the influence of a repetition of these wonderful throbbings of nature. Last night we were pleased with the appearance of the sea alongside the ship, and especially at her cutwater; on both sides the sea assumed an appearance, as it were,

"of fire," which, the sailors say, is a sign of windy weather. We are told that this phenomenon is caused by innumerable minute animals, of a round shape, moving rapidly through the water in all directions, like so many luminous sparks. Some tell us that such is not the case; and from their experiments with the microscope upon some of these luminous points, they are led to assert that they possess no animal form whatever. From numerous experiments, they say that a little spirits of wine poured into fresh sea-water, would give it the appearance of a great number of little sparks, which would continue visible longer than those in the ocean. In whatever way these brilliant sparks are produced, whether they are "animal" or "chemical," they are certainly very beautiful to look at over the sides of the ship.

The color of the ocean is generally of a "deep bluish green," while on nearing the coast we generally find it assumes a lighter shade. In the West Indies, so beautifully transparent is the water, that the minutest object at the depth of several fathoms can be distinctly perceived. In the Gulf of Guinea the sea is white, and around the Maldine Islands it

is black. When the water of the ocean is subjected to a chemical analysis, it appears to be a mixture of fresh water with muriatic acid, sulphuric acid, fixed mineral alkali, magnesia, and sulphate of lime. These ingredients are found in sea-water all over the globe, and very nearly in the same proportion to each other; differing, however, only in the total amount of their saline contents, an average of which is given by some as 1.28. I presume we shall have something interesting on this point, before we leave the borders of the "Dead Sea."

Dec. 10*th.* Once more have the royal masts, royal and topgallant sails been housed; another storm has visited us in the strength of its fury; and "tossed us from wave to wave," with as much off-hand ease as one could well conceive; we have shipped some ugly seas, which have well washed our decks, in their wild manœuvres; the wind is blowing hard from a favorable quarter, and we dash away before it, sometimes diving into "opposing waves," and sometimes riding over the watery mountains, as if frolicking about at leisure—peeping at times, full of gaiety and fun, into the deep caverns opening before us. The daylight becomes dim, and portentous clouds hover around us; the

night is full of thick darkness; the storm abates not its fury, and we drive ahead. A light hangs at our fore peak, and two men are stationed on the "look out" to descry the light of approaching ships. The object of this is to avoid that most dreadful of all accidents, a collision at sea, when both vessels become endangered. On we go, the storm howling around us, and the sea dashing over us; three more long days and dreary nights are spent in this way; after which, the sun peeps forth in his wonted splendor; revives our spirits, and bids us be of good cheer. And now the sailors lay their wet coats and shirts to dry about the ship; and all hands are "piped" to "send up royal masts," and then "up royal and topgallant yards;" all is bustle and life; the merry voice of the jolly tar helps one to forget the miseries of a dreadful storm. Soon the bustle subsides; all sail is set; and every stitch of canvass draws; and the conversation turns on the subject of the Expedition; when the sound of "Land!" "Land ho!" is heard in the shrill voice of the man on "foretop." This brings every man on his legs; when, straining his eyes in the direction given, cries out, "I see it—there it is. It's the Western

Islands," "the Azores;" and in one moment, all on board know that the Azores are in sight, "seen from on deck;" and here we give an historical account of them. The Azores, a group of nine islands, it is said, were discovered in 1493, by one Vanderberg, a merchant of Bruges, and received their name from the number of hawks found amongst them. The climate is favorable to human health; and the soil in general, fertile; abounding in corn, grapes, oranges, lemons and other fruit. The wines they produce are inferior to those of Madeira. Cattle, hogs and sheep are very plentiful; and it is a fact that no poisonous reptile or animal is to be found in the Azores. We are steering east by south half south, to pass between the two northernmost. We fear the breeze is hardly strong enough to carry us through before night. Every stitch of canvass, however, is brought into use, and the islands appear to increase in size very fast, and *we* hope for the best. It is not very pleasant to be knocking about near shore at night. We are coming up with the islands fast; and at four o'clock are pretty near them; so that we recognize them in their natural size. The one on our left is called, I think, "Flores:" it is quite distant from

the one on our right. A "wind hog," somewhat like a short piece of rainbow, occupies the distant sky ahead of us, just between the two islands. The summit of Flores is covered by a dense cloud; and has the appearance of some active volcano. The weather is now a little squally and uncertain. We are running between the two islands, standing close to the one on our left; the water is very bold round its base. We perceive the houses of some of the fishermen, who have run in and lowered their little white sails for the night. All is anxiety —the wind still uncertain. Every man is at his station, ready to "let go," or "haul," as necessity shall require.

CHAPTER IV.

Plenty of sea room—Sea sickness—Starlight on the ocean—Sunday at sea—An inanimate group dancing the Polka—Anticipations—Ship's letter bag, via Gibraltar, for Boston—Extraordinary phenomena in the skies—Five ships in sight—Land ho!—Cape St. Vincent.

DEC. 11TH. We are clear of land, and are glad of it. Delighted as we were with the sight of land, after being fourteen days at sea, we now rejoice in plenty of sea room; now and then we saw a light off the island of Corfu; sufficiently distinct to point it out to all. This evening the ship rolls so awfully that I fear for the safety of my dinner; my head is getting very dizzy, and feel uncomfortable; have lost all my "docity," as the English say. Have been employed through the day in reading a work called the "Stranger's Grave," and felt exceedingly interested in it. We now pass another of the "Western Islands," called the Geronize. The sky is one beautiful blue dome of immense circumference, set with brilliants which dazzle the eye. One feels

that it is almost wrong to turn in, and shut one's eyes upon so magnificent a scene.

Dec. 12*th.* One more Sabbath day opens upon us. Home and all its sacred associations crowd around us; and we begin to feel our distance from its enjoyments. We attend divine service on deck; but this is not like going to church with some of the members of our own family ashore. The crowded city is a great contrast to a solitary ship at sea. There everything is stationary; you can walk about or sit down at ease. At meal times the plates, dishes and glasses, with their contents, remain steady and quiet at will. But here the ship is rolling about tremendously; and everything upon the table moves from side to side, or pitches off upon the floor. The chairs are sliding about, falling over, and playing the mischief. All articles not positively secure seem to be smitten with a disease called "St. Vitus's dance." However, what cannot be cured, it is said, must be endured. The breeze is fair, and we sail along easily. We hope soon to be in Gibraltar, and have some little rest from this eternal rolling motion of the ship; and there setting foot on the steady shore, a while, take a drive into the country, and a ramble amongst

the delightful orange groves and fruit gardens of *Andalusia.*

Dec. 14*th.* In prospect of soon being in Gibraltar, some of us are preparing letters for the "ship's letter bag," which will be sent ashore there to the American Consul, to be forwarded to America by the first opportunity. We hope to be able to tell our friends of our safe arrival at that port, in good health and spirits; and anxious to reach the land of Palestine.

Dec. 17*th.* A fair breeze continues, and we have a truly magnificent representation of scenery in the skies from the horizon upwards, the most perfect of the kind that my eyes have ever beheld. To day there are five ships in sight; our longitude is 10° W., latitude 39° N.; and we shall soon be abreast of St. Vincent.

This evening the "look out" on the foretop-sail yard shouted, "Land! Land ho!" All is bustle, every man jumps on the forecastle, and tries to see it. The captain mounts the rigging and espies the land. It is Cape St. Vincent. At seven o'clock we could see distinctly the revolving lights from its lighthouse; and now we are passing the spot where the immortal Nelson fought his ever-memorable

battle. Yet how changed the scene! All, now, is perfectly still; not the roar of a gun, nor the groan of a wounded man, is heard; no shattered rigging and masts, nor a shadow of smoke, are now to be seen; the shout of the victorious has died away—and Nelson himself is no more. The breeze freshens and bears us onward, and changing our course a point, we stand off the Spanish coast—passing in the distance, abreast of Lagos, Faro, and Cape St. Maria.

CHAPTER V.

Ship struck by a sudden squall—All hands called—Splice the main brace—Arrive at Gibraltar bay—Hoist our colors—Visited by medical officers—Sight of living beings on shore—San Roque—Algesiras—Gibraltar—Drawbridge regulations.

DEC. 18TH. The breeze of yesterday increasing to a gale, we kept off a little, and this morning are in search of the same waters we floated in yesterday. At about three bells (half-past five) this morning, a squall struck us aback; all was consternation for a few moments; all hands were called, and the ship immediately trimmed. After the ship was made snug, a generous allowance of grog was distributed to the men; in other words, all hands "spliced the main brace." After eight o'clock the fog, which had enveloped us since early morning, cleared away; and the sun smiled upon us; we made sail, steering for the Bay of Gibraltar.

Dec. 19th. At length we are at Gibraltar. I wish

I could transport some of my friends here, that they might see this immense *rock*—the far-famed Rock of Gibraltar, and its interesting locality. Yesterday we passed abreast of Cadiz, the famous salt mart; also Cape Trafalgar, the scene of Nelson's victory in October, 1805; Tarifa on the same coast; and on the African coast, Cape Spartet and Tangier on our right hand. Then entering the "Straits," we floated down its strange, its wonderful current. The wind blowing hard, we were under close reef top-sails, and came into the bay in style. The sonorous voice of the quarter-master told us the various depths sounded on either side the ship. All hands called to "bring ship to anchor." Every preparation was made; sails clued up, or furled; anchor off the bows and ready to "let go." At last the order was given to let go the starboard anchor; in another moment, *dash* it went into the water, and away rattled the chain after it; the ship was soon "brought up;" and we were declared safely at anchor in the Bay of Gibraltar, having crossed the Atlantic without running foul either of rocks or ships. Immediately our colors are hoisted—the stars and stripes of America given to the breeze.

And now the health officers come off from the old hulk which is stationed in the bay, whence they visit every ship arriving there. We had no cases of sickness to report; and coming from the westward, are allowed to communicate with the shore. (All vessels which arrive here from the eastward, the Black Sea, &c., are subjected to some ten or twelve days quarantine.) From the deck we have actually beheld men walking on the shore. This gave us some little pleasure, as we had not seen a human being, save our own crew, for twenty days. We now take a look round, and see the town of San Roque, on the top of a mountain, at about five miles from the Rock; and on the other side of the bay, Algesiras, on the table land; several fortifications stand near it, and also on the coast. And now we view the city of Gibraltar, built on the side of the rock; one line or street of houses rising above the other, to a great height; interspersed with several fertile gardens, on the side of the hill. On the very top, thirteen hundred feet from the level of the water, is the Telegraph office, where they display to the town signals of the different approaching ships; so that long before a vessel comes up, even with a good breeze, it is known in the

city, whether it be a merchantman, steamer, or man-of-war. There is also a gun placed on the top of this rock, which is fired every day at sunrise and sunset; at the latter time the drawbridges are drawn, and all communication with the harbor cut off. No person can come out or get in, till sunrise again on the morrow; and should any accident occur to any of the vessels during the night, no assistance can be obtained from the town; and, should any case of sudden sickness or other calamity happen among the crew or the officers of any vessel in the harbor, medical aid cannot be obtained, except by chance a man-of-war may be at anchor in the bay; then, they send on board for the surgeon. I have seen two incidents of the latter kind; one a case of wounding an artery, very seriously, during a wedding-feast the captain had given on board a ship at anchor here. The second was one of less importance. Skirting the rocks towards the bay, the "Straits" and the Mediterranean are strongly lined by fortifications.

CHAPTER VI.

Gibraltar a pillar of Hercules—Description of—Visit to the town —The market—The fat old Moor and his turkey—Varieties of costume—Rock scorpions—Necessity for quarantine laws—Mixed population—Importations—Smugglers—Ride to San Roque—Description of San Roque—Orange men.

No place in Spain is of greater importance to the British than the fortress of Gibraltar, and few parts of the world have witnessed more astonishing exertions of British courage and address. To the ancients the rock on which this fortress is founded, was known by the name of Calpe, and was generally considered as forming one of the pillars of Hercules, the other being upon the opposite shore. The Arabians, or rather the Moors, distinguished it by the name of *Gebel Tarik*, or the *Mount Tarik*, the name of the chief who first led the Moors into Spain.

The form of this immense rock is oblong, its summit a sharp craggy ridge, and runs from north

to south about three miles; its greatest breadth, three quarters of a mile; its greatest elevation to the south is 1,439 feet. The west side is a series of rugged slopes, interspersed with abrupt precipices. Its northern extremity is perfectly perpendicular, except towards the north-west, where what are called "the Lines" intervene, and a narrow passage of flat ground that leads to the *Isthmus*, which is entirely covered with fortifications. The east side of this rock consists of a range of precipices: but a bank of sand rising from the Mediterranean, in a rapid acclivity, covers a third of its perpendicular height. Its southern extremity falls in a rapid slope from its highest point. On its west side it is bounded by the Bay of Gibraltar, which is eight and a half miles in length, and about five miles in breadth. Upon the north this rock is attached to Spain by a low sandy isthmus: it is about ten feet above the level of the sea, and close to the rock, about three quarters of a mile broad. This isthmus separates the Mediterranean on the east from the Bay of Gibraltar on the west, and is called "neutral ground."

Dec. 20th. On landing at the town of Gibraltar we are at once struck with the various costumes

which meet the eye in every direction: and the variety of tongues which sound in our ears, remind us of the poor fellows at the Tower of Babel. The market-place was full of "merchants;" fowls were freely offered us at different prices. All were anxious to sell their stock, whatever it consisted of, and were alike clamorous to the stranger and the citizen. One fat old Moor came after us with an immense turkey, which he was determined to sell to us, and pestered us with his importunities; we wished him and his turkey in Asia. Leaving the market house, to get rid of the continued solicitations of the different venders of provisions, we crossed the Barrack-ground, and entered the main street of the town, meeting with persons from every quarter of the globe, clad in drapery of different kinds and colors, thrown around them according to their own notions; some with hats, and others bareheaded. This street is nearly half a mile long, and well studded with stores. Many of the keepers or proprietors of these stores are likened to, or are called, *Rock Scorpions*, although it is said that their conduct is in strict accordance with Scripture, for if they find a customer is a "stranger," they are bound to "*take him in*"—

that's a fact. The climate is in general healthy, but great precaution is necessary to prevent the introduction of the plague from the south and east. Hence the strict enforcement of the quarantine laws on vessels coming from such ports. The population of the town, exclusive of the garrison, is somewhere about 15,000; amongst whom we saw Moors, Turks, Italians, Jews, Spaniards, Scotch, Irish, English, and a *few* Americans. Its port being free, its trade embraces a vast variety of articles; all the general manufactures of England, sugar and rum from the West Indies, tobacco, rice and flour from North America, and wines, fruits, silks, and wax, from the Mediterranean. In the Bay there is plenty of fish: and from the opposite coast of Barbary they get fruits, vegetables, and fresh provisions. A great deal of smuggling is carried on between Gibraltar and Algesiras on the opposite side of the Bay. Five or six fellows man a little boat and drop across before sundown, make their purchases, and at dusk skim along in as stealthy a manner as possible, passing under the stern of outermost ships to escape detection. These fellows were frequently challenged by our quarter-master, but they made no reply.

During the day, we took a ride out towards "San Roque." Passing under the arches of the fortifications to the south, we crossed the neutral ground, on which we see the outposts of the English and those of the Spanish; then, going through the toll-gate at the extremity, we noticed a guard of soldiers stationed there, and saw one of them thrust a bayonet into a cart-load of manure, before allowing it to pass; smugglers are frequently detected in this way. Along this road is a small village, in which we noticed a great number of children, and an immense collection of dogs of various kinds. The road is skirted with the immense aloe and the cactus, bearing the prickly pear. Here we came upon the sandy coast of the Bay, over which our horses seemed delighted to prance at a fast gait; on our right was an immense hill or mountain of a very romantic appearance. We then entered the road, passing several houses built on little patches, with a fertile garden attached.

We had a fine ride up to San Roque, and at the Hotel Anglese found a very agreeable family; then went round the town and saw all the windows of the houses, especially the lower ones,

barricaded towards the street; in the doors were small apertures cut, so that any one knocking for admittance is first spoken to through this little opening. The main street leads over the brow of the hill on which the town is built, and is covered with grass. To the westward of the town are a military post, and a beautiful parade ground; much too good a site for the manœuvres of the clumsy set of fellows we saw upon it. Returning towards the rock, we met a number of orange men, with their "pack mules," returning from market.

CHAPTER VII.

Gale of wind—Some of the ship's company detected stealing whisky—Steamers arrive—Letters for home—Ashore, mounted on a fine gray horse—Observations on fortifications—A few historical recollections—Conquest of Gibraltar by the British—Attempts of the Spaniards to retake it—Their repulse—Another important attempt, aided by the French—Conduct of the British—Advantages of Gibraltar to the English.

DECEMBER 21ST. The day commences with a clear and bright sky; but the wind blows hard, and during the day increases to a gale. An immense strain is upon the anchors, several more fathoms of chain are let out, and every possible care is taken of the ship. We have had occasion before now to feel perfectly satisfied as to the capabilities of those in command. The clanking of the chains is heard from several other vessels whose various national colors had floated in the breeze, before the gale commenced. To-day several of the men, entering the spirit-room by some unfair means or other, have pumped off some whisky into a

bucket, which is passed round amongst the crew, who are detected drinking it from the bucket, under the forecastle. The matter is immediately taken in hand by the proper officers.—Two English mail steamers have arrived in the Bay. They are exchanging cargoes to-day with the Oriental steamships, and all about their decks and sides is one scene of activity. One of these is bound to the different ports along the coast of Spain, Malaga, Almeria, Carthagena, Valencia, Castillion, Tarragona, and Barcelona, passing the Balearic Isles; the other is bound to some other ports. We are filling up our letters for "home," but are not yet able to say anything about the beautiful Italian skies, nor the bay of Naples, nor the silken valuables of the east—its splendid ruins, its gigantic statues, and its astonishing pyramids—nor are we yet able to give them any observations on the manners and customs of the eastern people: nor can we tell them anything of the actual appearance of the River Jordan, or the Dead Sea. Our blank octavos are yet packed away, in which these observations are to be registered, and we can but assure our friends that when we reach those far-famed climes, we will note all that is interesting to us, and

on our return home put the information into their hands. In the meantime we have to fulfil our promise of keeping a "diary" of our general proceedings on our way; recording, not only the pleasures, but "the dangers of the sea," and by this means imparting some idea of a "life on the ocean wave," a "home on the rolling deep."

Dec. 23*d.* Once more on shore, wandering through this great fortress on the back of a fine gray horse. The immense fortifications which everywhere meet the eye fill me with astonishment; and I feel confident that it would be utterly impossible to take Gibraltar from its present possessors. The streets are well covered by saucy-looking guns, and being straight, the cannon ball would rake their entire length; while towards the Bay, and the Straits, and the Mediterranean, the fortifications are certainly of the first class. We learn that this rock was first recognized as a place of strength as early as the year 700; a fortress was built in 712, the ruins of which are still pointed out. In the fourteenth century this fortress was taken from the Saracens by Ferdinand, King of Castile; in the middle of that century it was taken from the Spaniards by the son of the Emperor of

Fez, from whom again it was taken by Joseph III., King of Granada, about sixty years afterwards. John de Guzman wrested it from the monarchs of Granada, after a tedious siege, in 1462; since which time the Christians have retained possession of it. Charles V. augmented its fortifications. In the year 1704 it fell into the hands of the British under the direction of Admiral Rooke. The Spaniards were then awakened to the importance of this fort, and immediately set about retaking it. The Spanish General was assisted by a French squadron from Toulon, and laid siege to the place. The garrison was supplied with ammunition and provisions for six months. The Spaniards made frequent attempts to drive out this garrison, but at length despaired of success. In 1720 another attempt was planned, but not executed. In 1726 the Spaniards commenced hostilities with much vigor, but did not gain possession. In 1779 another attempt was made, at which time the garrison numbered 5000 men; a Spanish squadron appeared in the Bay, and blockaded the place on all sides. Rodney hastened from England to relieve it, with a powerful squadron, and on his way took fifteen transports, bound from Bilboa to Cadiz,

laden with ammunition and provisions. This piece of good fortune was soon succeeded by another. Eight days afterwards Rodney engaged eleven ships of the line off Cape St. Vincent, and captured six. One blew up in the fight: and of the six taken, two were driven on shore and lost, and four were conveyed into Gibraltar. As soon as the place was relieved, the British fleet put to sea, leaving in the Bay two ships of the line and two frigates. These were almost immediately attacked by the Spaniards, who tried their skill at red hot shot, but without success: but in 1781, enraged by their frequent failures, they resolved upon a desperate attempt to reduce the whole fort; they erected new batteries, supplied with immense guns; the most eminent engineers of France and Spain were brought to the spot, and all that their combined skill could devise was done. Some two hundred pieces of powerful cannon, and eighty mortars, commenced playing their furious game. For three long weeks one incessant shower of shot and shell was poured into the garrison; when, on the night of the 27th of November, 1781, the British General, at the head of 2000 picked men, marched boldly *out* of the garrison, determined to "conquer or die."

The Spaniards were struck with astonishment at this bold manœuvre, and were soon driven from their batteries. Their guns were spiked, their magazines blown up, their storehouses fired, and every part of their batteries destroyed. Thus, in less than two hours the whole works of the enemy, which cost something like twelve millions of dollars, were completely annihilated. This defeat enraged them the more, and the whole nation concentrated its gaze upon this solitary rock; then they determined, by a combination of their whole skill and force, either to take the place or leave it destroyed in the hands of the British. We cannot stop to describe the construction of a number of vessels, which were considered *invulnerable*, proof against red hot shot, being lined between hollow spaces (left for the purpose) with wet sand, and supplied with many pipes and pumps which would replenish with water, in case any hot shot should lodge in their sides. The men were well protected from the enemy's fire, and each ship carried from ten to twenty-eight guns, manned by a picked crew of the most resolute Spaniards. These formidable vessels were supported by gun-boats and armed vessels of every kind. One thousand pieces of

artillery and twelve thousand of the best troops of France, were added to those of Spain, and numerous volunteers from different parts of Europe hastened to take part in the proceedings: and the attention of the whole world was attracted towards this famous, sturdy old rock.

Thus, a more powerful armament was here displayed than had ever, on any occasion, been brought before any fortress in the world. Forty-seven sail of the line; ten battering ships, supposed to be invincible, carrying 212 guns; innumerable frigates, bomb-ketches, cutters, gun and mortar boats, and smaller craft for disembarking men, were now assembled in the Bay. This was but a part of the interesting scene; for all this the British regarded as their own property: though, before getting full possession of it, it would probably be a little damaged. The Spanish government went to work on the land side, and planted battery after battery; and as every successive stone was raised on their different works, their ideas of certainty of success seemed to increase. Two hundred pieces of ordnance were here raised, managed by an army of nearly 40,000, and commanded by men whose very names, it was thought, would, like that of Lord

Nelson, strike terror into the souls of the enemy. But these things the enemy did not consider, nor did they value them the more because two princes of the blood royal of France, and many other dignified personages, were present amongst the opposing force.

The British force, of about 7000 resolute, effective men, quietly eyed their own guns, remembered the coolness and courage of their officers, and looking over the vast array of the enemy around them, anxiously awaited the commencement of the contest. On the 9th September, 1782, the struggle began; on the 13th these invincible batteries were in active motion, and brought into the requisite position; they soon got a dose of red hot shot from the British, which spread so destructive a fire amongst them that nine made signals of distress. Of their crews, four hundred men were saved by the British; the rest were destroyed. One would suppose such a defeat were enough for any nation. The British have ever since held the Rock in quiet possession. The Spaniards could fight with the Moors in 1212, but they could not spike a gun which the British held in 1782.

I have often wondered what very great advan-

tages the British find in keeping possession of this fortress at so vast an expense. We are told that the advantages are: 1st, accommodation and refreshment to their merchant vessels at all times, and a convenient harbor for their fleets in time of war; 2d, it separates the most important harbors of France and Spain, and thus renders the junction of their fleets somewhat difficult; 3d, it gives Britain a greater importance amongst the Italian States, and indeed among all the nations in the vicinity of the Mediterranean, than she could otherwise maintain; and thus, by saving the expense of convoys, when these powers are at war with each other, it renders the expense of freight in this part of the world more moderate than it would otherwise be.

CHAPTER VIII.

Visit to the Barrack-yard—Ordered off—Trot for San Roque—Bargain for oranges—A race with a stranger—Galloping down hill—Return to Gibraltar.

BEING somewhat tired of riding up the side of this high rock; satisfied with the scene seaward, towards the mountains of Andalusia, and with examining the number of guns around me; also with my visit to the Barracks, where I was very unceremoniously told by the guard, after I had seen all that was interesting, and had turned my horse's head to come *out* of the yard, that there was "no admission" there "for strangers"—I turned into one of the straight streets from the northern gate, and paid another visit to San Roque. Meeting a man with several mules, with quantities of fine looking oranges, I dismounted to taste them and bought a few from the different branches with which the mules were laden; he was anxious to

sell me a large branch, and to tie it to my saddle, or perchance to my horse's tail. I trotted along, with the oranges in my pocket. It was a very hot day, and they were quite refreshing. I sat in my saddle quietly eating them, and had nearly finished the last one, when a gentleman rode up, on a beautiful black horse, and passed me. I felt rather saucy, perhaps from the effect of the orange juice, and felt a desire to reciprocate his favor; he appeared as ready for fun as myself; so we galloped along side by side, without saying a word. Determined to get ahead of him, I forced my horse to increase his speed (it was along a beautiful road); he "dropped astern," as the sailors say, and gave his horse a leisure trot for a time. Coming to the deep declivity of one of the mountains, I reined up my horse, and let him take his own pace, when my rival galloped past me down the hill at full speed; not seeing any fun in running the risk of breaking my neck, or my nose, I slowly descended the hill. Having reached the bottom in safety, my horse shook his mane, as if to say, "now for it," and away we went, and I soon took the lead. Alternately during our five miles' run, we outrode each other, when, coming to a

gentle acclivity which leads into the town, our horses struggled hard for the race; my horse won it: and passing two or three lengths ahead of the stranger to the hotel, I wished him good day—the only words uttered during our ride. I reached Gibraltar before sundown, and went on board the ship.

CHAPTER IX.

Arrangements for a Christmas dinner on board—Spirits wisely prohibited—Permission to invite the crew of an American ship at anchor—Christmas eve—Our distance from home—Christmas day—Preparations for dinner—The Yankee boys unable to partake of it.

DECEMBER 24TH. The "ship's company" have obtained leave of the captain to have a Christmas dinner to-morrow: it is to be cooked at Gibraltar and brought on board; the list of "dishes" to be served up is well selected: spirits and wines are positively prohibited, though the usual daily allowance of whisky will be distributed. The "company" have also permission to invite the crew of an American vessel, at anchor a little distance, to dine with us.

How much another Christmas calls to mind the scenes of days gone by! When ashore, at this "time o' year," we have participated in the joys of the family "Christmas party." But now we are away, separated by a monstrous sheet of water,

across whose surface we have sailed, according to our log book, 3,260 miles, in almost a straight line—while we have still some two or three thousand miles to make in the same direction. And the thought that, before we can see our beloved friends again, we shall have to retrace the whole distance of nearly 7000 miles, and brave all the dangers of the sea into the bargain, is not unaccompanied with a feeling of sadness.

Dec. 25th. Christmas day. All is bustle and life on board: the decks are washed, and the ship looks "clean as a pink;" the men have made preparations to dress out the forecastle with the ship's colors, and with the evergreens commonly used on such occasions in America. They have planted two tables, and decorated them tastefully. The day is fine, and very warm: the boat comes along with the provisions for the dinner. Four or five men have been to the American ship, to invite the crew, but the captain of the craft refuses to give his Yankee boys a holiday; nor would he yield to the entreaties of our men, although he has no particular business on hand for the day. They take it very hard, and the poor fellows are, no doubt, a good deal vexed about it.

CHAPTER X.

"All hands up anchor"—Songs of the jolly tars—Afloat on the Mediterranean—The remarkable current running into it from the Atlantic—Its evaporation—A dream of the "Dead Sea"—Our longitude—Malaga lighthouse—Historical remembrances—Snow-capt mountains—Ship becalmed—Preparations for an approaching storm—Storm roars around us—Its effect on "green hands"—The idea of being on our way to the "Dead Sea"—Impartial freaks of fortune.

DECEMBER 27TH. The boatswain's mate, with his shrill whistle, pipes "all hands up anchor;" we are about leaving Gibraltar for the Mediterranean. All hands take their station; the clanking of the chain is heard; and the songs of the jolly tars, as they "heave away," ring merrily on the ear. At length the anchors are on board, the sails unfurled, and we are steering out of the Bay, passing the Navy Yard, and round the northern point of the rock, into the remarkable current or stream of the Straits, through which an immense body of water runs from the Atlantic into

the Mediterranean, at the rate of four knots per hour. This is, perhaps, one of the most singular currents in the world, and seems to be involved in much mystery. The Strait which connects the two bodies of water is about twenty-eight miles in length, and eight miles wide at its narrowest point. It is said that the quantity of water which the Mediterranean receives from this source, added to that supplied by the numerous streams which flow into it, is sufficient to produce an elevation of thirty feet annually. Many say that the evaporation, promoted by some large internal fire, is sufficient to carry off all its superfluous waters. Others remark, that there are two lateral currents constantly flowing from the Mediterranean back to the Atlantic. For my own part, I know not which statement is the correct one; but I know that an anchor dropped into the Strait, gives strong indications of the existence of a counter current. Apart from all this, it is very interesting to see ships carried along so rapidly into the Mediterranean. The current of this stream reminds one of the rapids which feed the grand cataract of Niagara, in our own country.

We have passed through the Straits, and are

afloat on the sea. The Mediterranean contains some eight hundred and sixty thousand square miles, without reckoning its two arms, the Adriatic Sea and Archipelago. Its breadth from Andalusia in Spain to the opposite coast of Africa, is one hundred and fifty miles; whilst from the head of the Gulf of Sidra to the mouth of the Adriatic its width is seven hundred miles. It is noted for the many beautiful islands which peep out upon its surface. We have crossed the boundary line, and are afloat upon its billowy waves. To our right is the coast of Africa; Morocco, Algiers, Tunis; and stretching away, almost abreast of Malta, is Tripoli. To our left are the snow-capped mountains of Spain. Yes, we are really afloat in a wooden shell on the bosom of the grand, the classical Mediterranean. I feel as though I could scarcely realize the fact, that we are safe so far on our way to the immortalized east. Last night, when neither asleep nor awake—for Lord Brougham says that is the only state in which we dream—I dreamed that we were suddenly on the borders of the Dead Sea. It occurred to me that I had heard somebody say that men could ride over the sea, on horseback, and that the horse's feet would only

make a gentle impression on its surface. The water appeared to be in a state half liquid and half solid, somewhat like the thickest body of cream ever seen in Goshen. Determined on having a dip in the sea, I prepared myself for a ducking, if that were possible; but on jumping in, I met with an agreeable resistance, which scarcely permitted me to sink below the surface. When I awoke, all was dark around me; and not until after I felt about me for some time, was I able to realize the fact that I was neither on the Dead Sea nor in its locality, but just at the entrance of a monstrous sheet of water, along whose surface we must sail some thousand miles before the object of our journey could be accomplished. To-day there is a cold and searching wind, with frequent showers. I have had to look into my trunk for a piece of flannel, which I wear over my chest whenever the wind blows from the east. Its effect has often astonished me, and to-day it acted like a charm upon my whole consumptive constitution.

Dec. 29th. To-day we are in longitude about 3° W. from Greenwich, on a parallel with *Jean* of Andalusia, Cardela, Motril, Linares, &c. We saw the lighthouse and immense church of Malaga, as

we passed yesterday. We longed to taste her wines, grapes, figs and other fruits, in which she excels. Malaga was the residence of Al. Beithari, the eminent botanist, who traversed Africa, Persia and India, in search of botanical specimens. It has 60,000 inhabitants. The yellow fever has done much toward depopulating it, carrying off, it is said, 22,000 persons in eight months, during the year 1804. Malaga manufactures silks, velvets, soaps and paper; and its total exports amount to the sum of £375,000 annually.

The wind is now more favorable, and we shall soon make the Spanish coast up to Carthagena and Palos; and then as we are bound to one of the Balearic Islands, "Minorca," we may alter our course a little. We have passed several lofty mountains at about thirty miles to leeward. The little hills at their feet looked green and fertile; but the mountains rising behind them appeared to lift their heads toward the very heavens. Without the aid of the glass we could distinctly see the glittering snow on their brow: at this distance the sight was very refreshing, for the thermometer stood at about 86° on board.

Dec. 30th. At this date we are becalmed on the

Mediterranean, in sight (about twenty miles off) of the mountainous coast of Spain; and while we gaze at the immense chain of mountains, which appear to join earth and heaven together, we experience a subduing sense of our own insignificance. We seem to be even of less size than the dwellers in Lilliput, who were born in Dean Swift's splendid imagination. What a splendid scene surrounds us! The consciousness of our diminutive size but gives intensity to the emotions of pleasure with which we regard it. The ship rests motionless on the deep; the sea appears to be one large sheet of glass; the sun shines warmly and brightly. The sky is clear to the east.—In the west the clouds are beginning now to gather. A breeze is creeping over the face of the water. A storm is brewing. The officer of the deck throws aside his cigar, and clothes himself in his India rubber suit, coat, boots and cap, and with trumpet in hand watches its approach. Some of the lofty sails are furled; and the men are ready to run aloft, to furl or reef others, as the officer of the deck may think best. And now the close observer has a downright treat before him if he can clothe himself in an India rubber suit, and watch the approach of the storm.

The breeze sounds in your ear; and the sea begins to swell into long rolling waves; the bright sky becomes clouded; the gentle rain patters on the deck. The storm approaches and whistles in the rigging, and steadily tosses the ship. The sails are trimmed; some furled, others reefed. The rain pours down faster; while the men, having put on their "sou-westers," are prepared for the worst. The wind still increases, the ship rolling heavily, and pitching into the waves, which dash a shower of spray over the deck. Darkness prevails. The ship now becomes like a prancing horse. Seas dash over her, and wash the decks. All is bustle "fore and aft." The thermometer is continually sinking, and every appearance of a gale prevails. Top-gallant and royal yards are sent down: our poor sailors, clinging to the rigging during the operation, are exposed to the fury of the wind, while the ship rolls from side to side, and threatens to shake them off. Their work attended to, they are again safe on deck. Our vessel ships some heavy seas; drenching, perchance, an unlucky tar who may stand in the way; thus creating amusement for some of the more fortunate. The gale increases, and the masts creak and bend before the blast. These are the

occasions which make our grandmothers and twentieth cousins of the female sex, declare against ever going to sea, and make the "green hands" swear that they "would sooner open oysters for ten cents a day, than again ship before the mast." But the gale dies away, and they forget their vows until they see the "stormy Petral" skimming along the waters around the ship.

Twelve months ago, we little thought that at this time we should be on the Mediterranean, abreast of Carthagena, on our way to the "Dead Sea," the "Land of Palestine." Man cannot see far into futurity, and it is wisely so ordained. During a twelve months' course, old time rough-rides many a man. While one sports a new carriage and a pair of fine horses, perhaps twenty lose their "all." Some, like Job, even lose friends, family and wealth. Whatever may be man's station, whatever lustre circumstances may throw around his name, he is not by any means exempt from the fantastic freaks of fortune. A man may be rich, or he may be poor, learned or ignorant; he may be a man of fine feeling, or a tyrant; a hard master or a faithless servant; yet

> "A man 's a man for a' that, an' a' that,
> An' we are brethren a'."

CHAPTER XI.

New Year's Eve — A solitary promenade — "Change o' the year"—New Year's day—Cogitations—Steering for Port Mahon —Our esteemed commander sick—Case of varioloid—Several nervous men comparing symptoms—Fire a gun and hoist the Jack for a pilot—Mahon quarantine ground—Remnants of Nelson's efforts.

JANUARY 1ST, 1848. Last night, feeling dull, pensive and unwell, I was about to turn in at about eight o'clock; but, remembering it was the last evening of the year, I put a handful of candies into my pocket and went on deck. The evening was dull, drizzly, and uncomfortable. I wrapt myself in a thick great coat, and tied a neckerchief round my throat. For a while I enjoyed a solitary promenade on the quarter-deck, beneath the expedition boats which were lashed securely to a beam raised for that purpose; so that, covering the greater part of the quarter deck, they proved a convenient shelter in stormy times. The night was fast wasting away. The year 1848 would shortly

be ushered in. I had gone below some time before ten o'clock, but appeared on deck again about half past eleven; and "pacing the deck alone," I thought on the scenes of the year about to expire. At length the quarter-master struck the bell of the midnight watch. The watch was mustered; and the ship being in good trim, all was again quiet, save the gentle rolling of the waves against the sides of the vessel as she pushed onward. Another year had already commenced, and weary and sleepy, I went below and turned in.—This being the first day of another year, one can scarcely help wondering what will occur to each of us during its daily developments. One thing *we* all agree in desiring, and that is, a successful trip to the "Dead Sea," with a satisfactory navigation of the "River Jordan;" as well as pleasing interviews with the natives of the different places through which we may pass; and a steady aim, should we have to fire, at an enemy. Our curiosity gratified, and the object of our journey accomplished, we hope—having safely passed through all the "dangers of the sea," which are common to every voyager—to be once more in the society of our friends in the west. But we know not what may befall us.

We can, therefore, only resolve to do our best in relation to the circumstances which may surround us.—We are now passing Formentera, with the whole island of Ivica to our left; and steering for Port Mahon, on the island of Minorca.—Our commander is sick of that dreadful disease, the varioloid; and the chances are ten to one that we shall get a heavy quarantine, with the yellow flag flying at our fore-royal mast. Several persons on board are fancying themselves in the very vortex of the disease, and are studiously comparing symptoms.

Jan. 4th. Last night we fired a gun for a pilot. Seeing our "Jack" at foremast head, one came out in a boat very little larger than a tablespoon, and took us safely into the quarantine anchorage. We passed by the ruins of the old English fortifications, and the burial-ground, where lie the skeletons of many stout-hearted seamen, who had been once animated by the presence of Nelson.

CHAPTER XII.

At anchor at Port Mahon—Captain ill with varioloid—The yellow flag—Sanidads—Quarantine—People from shore viewing our yellow flag—Proceedings on board—Chat with the sanidads—Produce of the island—Support of natives.

We had no sooner let go the anchor than the medical officers came alongside. They asked our name, whence we had come, and then made inquiry concerning the health of the crew. We reported one case of varioloid, for our commander had been afflicted with that dire disease from the time we left Gibraltar. We were now ordered to hoist the yellow flag, which denotes that we are in quarantine, during which time no persons dare come on board. As soon as possible, we are to remove our esteemed commander from the vessel to the lazaretto, which stands on an island in this harbor. We are doomed to eight days quarantine from the day of his removal; and should any others contract the disease, our quarantine will

extend till eight days after they also are sent off to the lazaretto. The yellow flag was hoisted at our fore-royal mast-head; and not one of the many persons who came down from the neighborhood to look at the American man-of-war, could gain admittance on board. Three sanidads, or health officers, were stationed to prevent any communication with our vessel. None were even permitted to enter the lazaretto, except in the company of three sanidads. It was very unpleasant to see people enjoying themselves on shore, whilst we were not allowed to leave the ship—although every man on board was in robust and excellent health—for fear of spreading varioloid or small-pox amongst the natives.

January 5th. The yellow flag, the abominable yellow flag, still marks our ship as "plague smitten." Every boat steers off from us, afraid of contamination. The very butcher passes the ship, with fresh provisions for us, and lands them upon a small island near by. Our boat's crew then take them off, while he, standing at a distance, receives orders by "word of mouth" for the morrow's supply. The natives of Georgetown (a small town adjoining Mahon, but nearer to the sea coast), cast

their eye askance at our ship. They are doubtless calculating upon the probability of the yellow flag being soon hauled down, when they will have an opportunity of supplying the different articles and provisions which the ship's company shall want.

The sea, as it breaks over the rocks on both sides the entrance to this harbor, keeps up a perpetual roar, while the storm is lulled into silence upon the broad sheet of water without. The day passes but slowly away. The morning watch have holystoned the deck; and their grog and dinner taken, they are now at their ease about the decks. The old sanidads are talking their native lingua in our ears, and trying to interest us with the recitation of a long list of their misfortunes and their trials. In reply to our questions, they tell us that the island of Minorca is their native place; that it lies about thirty-seven miles N.E. of Majorca, and is the second in importance of the three Balearic Isles; that its area is two hundred and forty square miles, and contains a population of some 35,000 inhabitants; that it is the finest harbor in Europe; that it produces wheat, barley, maize, and large quantities of grapes, figs, apri-

cots, and wines. The old fellows tell us that the inhabitants of Mahon support themselves by making the famous *shell flowers*, and by working the large silken veils which are so generally worn by Spanish ladies. These find in Barcelona a ready sale.

CHAPTER XIII.

Removal of our Captain to lazaretto—Mediterranean squadron—Fumigation of ship—Wholesale vaccination—Lieut. Hunter arrives in port—Ashore on the quarantine island—Bedding in the rigging—Letters home—Peep at the lazaretto—Smoking letters—Arrangements for visitors.

JANUARY 7TH. The Captain has this day been removed to the lazaretto. He has the best wishes of every one on board. We hope he will soon recover, and we feel assured that he will receive every attention which his situation requires. He takes his son with him, attended by two servants from the ship. We are to remain in quarantine eight days from this, which is the most irksome part of the voyage. We would much rather be at sea, welcoming a coming storm, than lie here, the sport of the tide. The frigate "United States" is lying in this harbor. She has been here some time; and this evening the U. S. sloop-of-war Marion has just passed round our stern to her moor-

ings, near by our naval depot. She has arrived from Marseilles, a short run of about thirty-six hours, if we are correctly informed. Some of our officers recognized, by the aid of the glass, many of their old friends in the glittering uniform of our navy.

Jan. 8th. To-day the sanidads are busily employed in fumigating the ship. They close up the various hatchways for some two hours, while their process is allowed to go on. By desire of the Captain, all hands have paid a visit to the dispensary of the ship, and have been vaccinated.

Lieut. Hunter, "the Hero of Alvarado," has just passed us, in his fine craft, scudding along at a spanking rate, before a fair breeze, right up the harbor. I have actually been ashore on the quarantine island, and have plucked two blades of a very peculiar grass, which I intend to dry between the leaves of a book (properly prepared for such and many other varieties), as a monument of my visit to the Quarantine island at Port Mahon. Our men were sent to give orders relative to a supply of provisions, and to take off a quantity that had been purchased; but on venturing too near the residence of the man who furnishes us,

he waved his hand to them, and sternly ordered them to *keep off*. He would not allow them to approach within a given distance, because of the yellow flag flying at our mast-head, and at the mast-head of the second cutter.

Jan. 10*th*. All our bedding has been suspended in the rigging, and everything belonging to us in the shape of clothes, has been well aired on deck. The brig along side (the David Grant, from the Black Sea) has hauled out, and lowered her yellow flag, having ridden out her "quarantine" term; and it is said she is going off to sea this night. We have several letters written for our friends, which she has offered to take, and to post them in London for the United States. They have been put into the hands of the sanidads, who take them to the Quarantine island, and getting them properly "*smoked*," place them safely on board the brig. Several of us have visited the lazaretto; and really if there was ever a cold, chilly, cheerless looking place in the world, this is such a place. It is surrounded by high stone walls, with big doors painted red, with window-shutters half glass and half wood. The old sanidads, half starved to death by the niggardly allowances of

their own government—cross and queer towards strangers—observe to the very letter all the strict regulations of quarantine toward such unfortunate victims as are forced into the boundaries in which they are enclosed. They will not touch any letter you may wish to send to a friend in the sick department; but, ordering you to lay it down on a stone, they grapple it with a long pair of tongs, in the manner that I would seize a poisonous snake. They then put it into a little cupboard, and shutting the door, the letter is smoked till it is supposed to be disinfected. Then taking it out, they hand it to the proper person. Suppose you wish to speak to some one lying in the sick ward. If your friend is able to come down to see you, he is accompanied by his own sanidad to one side of a square space, which is enclosed by a low stone wall. You are forced to stand on the opposite side of the square; and, when you have finished what you desire to say, the sanidad turns about—which is a signal that you are expected to leave the lazaretto, and that your friend is to return to his room. If your friend cannot come down, and you should desire to go up and see him, a bell is rung, which, according to the number of times it strikes, calls

from the ward the sanidad who has charge of any given room. He conducts you to the proper apartment; but you are forced to stand *outside* and converse with your friend. On no account are you allowed to enter the room.

The "Oratorio" attracted my attention. It is built in the centre of a garden, surrounded by fruits and flowers appropriate to the season of the year. At some eighteen or twenty feet from the pulpit, is a circular building, partitioned off into rooms, with large windows secured by several iron bars. In these rooms the different convalescent "dwellers in the lazaretto" assemble. The Spanish colors are hoisted on top of a flag-pole high over the pulpit, as a signal for the celebration of Divine service. The sanidads then accompany their patients into their respective rooms, round the "Oratorio." In each division of the lazaretto is a well of pure cold water, and a set of large stone tanks in which to wash the clothes and bedding of patients when they quit this most uncomfortable and disagreeable of places. The doctor belonging to the lazaretto is an agreeable, intelligent-looking man, a real Spaniard, but does not speak a word of English.

CHAPTER XIV.

Nicholas Murphy—"Pratique" granted—Yellow flag taken down—Sanidads gone—Our Captain recovering at the lazaretto—A gale of wind—French steamer—A wreck—A Levanter—Lazaretto nuisances.

JANUARY 13TH. One Nicholas Murphy, a native of Mahon, but who had been in the United States for three long years, had secured a passage in our ship. He was allowed to go to the quarantine post or station on the little island I have mentioned, to meet his wife, three children, and an uncle. The scene which their meeting presented, was said, by some of our officers, to have been one of the most touching they ever beheld. Both were cruelly separated by the little wall, over which the interview took place; not even allowed to shake hands with each other until the yellow flag on board our ship, to which Murphy belonged, was hauled down. How anxiously then did he await this, the day on which we expected "pratique!" The doctor and Lieut. Pennock have returned from shore, and the

order is given to "haul down the yellow flag." Down it comes in an instant, and merriment seems to prevail throughout the ship; all hands are well. The song of liberty is cheering at all times; but it is especially cheering to a set of healthy, robust, brave and daring fellows who have been surrounded by the influence which the yellow flag flings around them. The poor old sanidads have rolled up their beds of reeds and matting, and are going ashore; having received their fifty cents per day, or thirty-three and their rations. They behaved very well indeed while on board; but we are right glad to see them off.—We now think that, as the Captain is getting well rapidly, and as our days of quarantine are ended, there is a chance of our speedily getting under weigh for Malta and the coast of Syria; and soon being afloat on the almost solid waters of the Dead Sea, in which we hope to have quite a frolic.—We have encountered a very heavy gale during the last few days. The wind whistles through our rigging all day and night. A French steamer took shelter here last night, and hoisted her yellow flag. The brig for Europe has not yet sailed. News has reached us of the wreck of a French brig, last night, with

a cargo of provisions, on the shores of this island. She was carried by the violence of the storm right out of the water, and lies high and dry on the rocks. No lives lost. The vessel is a complete wreck. The storm lulls for a time, but the thermometer indicates more wind.

This evening the storm increases, and we find it necessary to let go another anchor, and to give out more chain. Oh, how severely the wind blows!—it travels at least sixty miles per hour. It is a regular *Levanter*.

Jan. 15*th*. Three anchors out, and about sixty or more fathoms of chain to each. This gale is very annoying, as it prevents our leaving the quarantine ground. But the butcher now comes on board with provisions, and we are allowed to go ashore and enjoy ourselves. I trust we may never again see the yellow flag; it is too annoying for anything. Were the reader to witness the ceremonious manner with which, at the lazaretto, the letters and parcels are smoked, and papers passed through vinegar—and were he to experience the annoyance which the prohibition against seeing even the convalescent, unless in the presence of a sanidad, pro-

duces, he would think, with me, that the lazaretto regulations are a conglomeration of minute nuisances; enough to try the patience of Job himself.

CHAPTER XV.

Storm abates—Ship at the Navy Yard—People interested in our expedition—Mahon our naval rendezvous—Regret of inhabitants at the prospect of our leaving—Unshipping cargo—Anxiety to be at sea — Another case of small-pox sent to the lazaretto — Departure from the island — Leave the patient, with a nurse, at the lazaretto.

JANUARY 15TH. The storm has abated; the anchor has been got up; and the anchor chains payed down below; the kedge anchor resumes its position, and the starboard and larboard anchors are now below in the mud alongside of the Navy Yard, where we are clearing out our cargo of naval stores for the use of the squadron lying here, previous to our sailing. The intelligent portion of the population here, as well as that at Gibraltar, manifests great interest in the success of our expedition. Three of our ships of the navy are here: the frigate United States, Commodore Reid; sloop Marion, sixteen guns, Capt. Symonds; and topsail schooner Hunter. To the various officers of these ships,

the subject of our expedition is both novel and exciting.

Mahon rejoices in the very best harbor in the whole of Europe; and in other respects it is a capital naval depot. One feels sorry that we cannot hold it as a rendezvous on our old terms. John Bull has fixed his rapacious eyes upon it, and desires to add it to his innumerable strongholds. Already, I believe, there has been some disturbance about it between England and France. The Spanish government appears to have thought that no foreign power should hold it, even as a naval station, and has consequently turned our navy away, notwithstanding it has been, for many years past, the principal support of the whole district. The U. S. navy has spent several millions of dollars in that town, within the last eight or ten years; and I am at a loss to know what the inhabitants can do without it. Every one must feel the loss, and property there will doubtless become almost totally valueless.

Jan. 20th. Still busily engaged in unlading our cargo for the supply of the different "ships of the squadron" here; and still anxious to be on our way. But time passes swiftly, and in the course

of a few days we shall haul down to Georgetown, take in ballast, and put to sea.

On the fourteenth of January, we had another case for the lazaretto, which was declared to be the "confluent small-pox." The party was attended by a sailor from on board the ship, as a nurse. We hear to-day that the patient has some very bad symptoms. To be sick, away from home, and debarred from the kind ministrations of those we love, is sad indeed. Our Captain has entirely recovered.

Feb. 4th. We have a chance of going to sea to-night; have taken in ballast at Georgetown; and by somewhat increased exertions, we shall be able to get off. But we will leave behind us both our sick patient and his nurse. At a consultation to-day, it was decided that this would be the wiser course for all parties.—We sent off the baggage belonging to the two persons at the lazaretto, and have decided to put to sea to-night. A gun has just been fired to notify the officers, who are on shore. Having performed the first part of our orders, we shall be enabled now, we hope, to prosecute the legitimate purposes of the expedition.

CHAPTER XVI.

Arrival at Malta—Historical recollections—Return of officers from shore—Last look at the fortifications of Malta—Vessels in the quarantine harbor — St. Paul's Bay — American consul — At anchor in Smyrna—View of the city—Its reverses—Historical recollections—Visit to Constantinople.

FEB. 9TH. After a beautiful run of five hundred and ten miles, according to our log book, we have arrived safely off Malta. It lies sixty miles south of Sicily, and is nearer to the African than to the European side of the Mediterranean. It is twenty miles long, and twelve broad. It was governed by its own kings, till Carthage obtained possession of it. It afterwards fell to the Romans; then to the Saracens. In 1530 Malta was given as a present, by the Emperor Charles V., to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, or Knights of Rhodes, since called Knights of Malta. In 1565 it sustained a dreadful siege of four months by the Turks. It was gallantly defended by the Knights. The French took possession of

Malta in 1798, and it is said found there 1200 pieces of cannon, 200,000 pounds of powder, two ships of the line, one frigate, four galleys, 40,000 muskets, and an immense amount of treasure. They also found in Malta 4500 Turkish slaves, whom they immediately liberated. In 1800 Malta was seized by "John Bull," after a blockade of two years; but at the peace of Amiens, it was stipulated that it should be restored to the Knights. Nevertheless, Great Britain still kept possession of it, and the war was resumed. But in 1814, it was solemnly ceded to the British. Malta has several capital harbors. It was at one time a barren and rugged rock; but the inhabitants have imported from Africa and Sicily vast quantities of earth, so that the whole island has become completely covered, and is extensively cultivated. Its circumference is fifty miles; and its surface one hundred and thirty-five square miles. It produces lemons, oranges, cotton, vines, figs, and olives. Its wines are said to be excellent. In ancient times the roses of Malta were considered of superior beauty and fragrance. The chief articles of export are cotton, thread, cumin seed, barilla ashes, oranges, orange flower water, salt, and honey. The Maltese

are said not to be very rich. Their language is one peculiar to themselves; they do not seem to understand one another very readily—at least such is the impression made upon my mind from what little of their conversation I heard.—Our boat comes off with the officers who have been ashore to communicate with our consul; and we have but a few minutes left to look at the immense fortifications before us. There are numerous heavy ships in the principal harbor; in the quarantine harbor there are scarcely any. I suppose it is necessary to be particular with vessels arriving from Smyrna and the coast of Syria. On the east side of the harbor there is a first rate lighthouse.

Feb. 10*th.* Yesterday we left Malta and sailed for Smyrna. Immediately on leaving Malta, we passed a spot marked in the maps as St. Paul's Bay. It is so called from a tradition that this is the place where St. Paul was shipwrecked. I was informed by my friend Capt. Geo. Moore, of the packet ship Hendrich Hudson, of New York, that some few years since he was wind-bound in the harbor at Malta; that he visited this spot from the shore; and that he also saw the Old Hotel,

now uninhabited, where St. Paul, after his shipwreck, is said to have warmed himself and dried his clothes, and where his miraculous deliverance from the viper, which fastened on his hand, produced so profound an impression on the inhabitants of the island.—The American Consul of Malta is a gentleman of considerable intelligence. He wishes us every success in prosecuting the designs of the Expedition.

Feb. 15*th.* After a delightful sail, according to our log book, of some eight hundred and fifty miles from Malta, on our way toward the "Land of Palestine," we dropped our anchor in the harbor of Smyrna. Smyrna, as every one knows, was the location of one of the seven apostolic churches in Asia Minor, referred to in the Book of Revelations. Whether I shall also have the pleasure of seeing the sites of the remaining six churches,—Ephesus, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia, and Laodicea,—is of course, at present, unknown to me. The city is built on the gentle slope of a hill which rises from the water. Consequently, vessels lying in the harbor have a commanding view of the whole town. Smyrna has struggled hard against fate to retain its renown as a city,

and although it has been ten times brought low, yet it has that many times risen, phœnix-like, from its ashes. In the year 1677, eighty-three fountains were erected in the city, which produced a plentiful supply of water. It is four miles in circuit, and stretches one mile along the shore. The bay is eight leagues round, and the anchorage is excellent. Merchants are attracted hither from nearly every part of the world. In summer the heat is oppressive. The population is variously estimated from ninety to one hundred and fifty thousand.

CHAPTER XVII.

Smyrna — Razor apparently unknown — Homer — Polycarp — Officers return from Constantinople—Plague in Smyrna and Constantinople—Chat about the latter city—Observations on the physiognomy of its citizens—Slave market.

FEBRUARY. Some of our officers have gone to Constantinople, in order to transact some important business relative to their march into the "land of the Philistines." We have now leisure to make a few observations relative to Smyrna. A set of filthy-looking fellows have come to take a look at us. We have trodden the dirty streets of the city, and have seen the costume of the natives; not forgetting to notice the red slippers, with sharp toes turning up and almost touching the fore part of the leg, which are so generally worn; nor did we fail to observe the large mustaches and beards which are so industriously cultivated. One would suppose that the use of a razor is here unknown, and the profession of a barber unsupported. Smyrna is one of the largest and richest cities in the Levant.

It imports from England and other countries, woolen clothes, camlets, lead, tin and hardware; exchanging for cotton, coffee, mohair, drugs, galls, raisins, figs, and tobacco. Its population consists of Turks, Greeks, Armenians and Europeans. In 1814, sixty thousand persons were swept off by the plague, which frequently visits the place. Smyrna is famous as being the birth-place of the immortal Homer. It is also the place where Polycarp preached, and where he was put to death.

March. Our officers have dispatched their business with the Dons of Constantinople, and returned to the ship. We shall soon be under weigh again, and sail from Smyrna; seeing it, probably, for the last time. Ten thousand dangers may await us, besides the plague of Smyrna and Constantinople. We are told that, whenever the plague visits Smyrna, it is carried to Constantinople; and that when it visits Constantinople, it is sure to extend to Smyrna, because of the poverty of the people, whose ranks are extensively thinned by it. Not willing to sacrifice the clothes of their relatives who die, the people sell them, and the purchasers forward them to one or the other place; and thus transmit the plague from city to city.

Constantinople has suffered very much from the plague, and at different times from earthquakes.—When a stranger approaches the city, he is struck with its princely appearance. It rises like a vast amphitheatre from the shores of the Propontis and the Bosphorus, crowning the summits of seven gentle swelling hills. The buildings appear to rise in stages one above the other; and the whole city, with its splendid mosques and minarets, and especially the magnificent mosque of Sancta Sophia, presents itself at once to the view. The situation is thought to be the finest in the world. But when you enter its dirty, narrow, unpaved streets, filled with mud and carcases of dead dogs, with other filth, you feel greatly disappointed, and are ready to ask yourself—Is this the grand city of Constantinople, whose towering domes and minarets and splendid-looking buildings have taught me to expect to see an interior somewhat conformable with the grandeur of its exterior? If this is the state in which the city is constantly kept, one need not wonder that the plague strides from street to street, and calls at almost every house—as though it were able to utter the sentence, "I'm monarch of all I survey." The ancient name of

Constantinople was Byzantium, from Byzas, its founder.

March 10*th.* All hands have responded to the call of the boatswain's mate, "All hands up anchor." They are busy aloft, loosening the sails; and now the anchor is aboard, the sails let fall; and the good old ship moves gently on the bosom of the deep, and strides along as though she, like ourselves, was subject to a feeling of anxiety to place the expedition safely on the shores of the Land of Promise. She obeys her helm, and glides gently along towards the harbor of *Scio.* Once more at sea, we have a little leisure to finish our chat about the trip to Constantinople. The officers found no very great difficulty there in dispatching their business, with the help of an interpreter. The Turks commonly call the city Istamboul. I have copied the following animated description of the capital of the Ottoman Empire from a volume loaned me by a friend:

"The hills upon which the city is built, the superb imperial mosque, surmounted by immense cupolas, and surrounded by lofty minarets, of which the chief occupy the most elevated points of this promontory; the monuments of ancient art; the

houses painted in different colors and interspersed with gardens, which are overtopped by cypress and other trees of perpetual verdure; the disposition of all the edifices in form of amphitheatres, the aspect of the harbor, animated by the presence of vessels of all sizes, and by thousands of gondolas; lastly, the distant perspective of the country, covered with the richest vegetation, present a *coup-d'œil* the most beautiful and the most imposing that is to be found in the whole world. The plantain and cypress in particular give an oriental aspect to the environs of this important city. The mulberry, the mimosa of the Nile, the acacia, the Trebizond palm, the pine and the fig tree beautifully intermingle, and diversify the enchanting scenery around this metropolis. Towards the south the eye discovers the Mysian Olympus clad in eternal snow, and immediately opposite to it is the oak-clad Arganthonis. Of all this beauty, the traveler sees nothing when he enters the city; there is an appearance of weakness and disorder connected with unmistakable symptoms of rapid decay. The heart shrinks; a feeling of deep melancholy seizes on the soul of the observer." After having admired the exterior of the city, he finds

in it nothing but narrow, dirty, crowded, ill paved streets; houses of wood, of brick and of mud, and covered with a deceptious cement; large spaces strewn with the blackened ashes of conflagrations, and a multitude of dirty-faced men, whose physiognomy announces a state of internal disquietude; and reminds the observing stranger of the last briefless lawyer he met in his own native country; or of his friend the physician, who, overcome by recent misfortune, could not attend to his patients; or of a clergyman who by some means or other had lost his gown; or of a captain who through unskillfulness had stranded his vessel. There is stamped on the features of every man you meet in this city, as it were a sense of wounded pride, which discloses itself to every traveler, who if he be a merchant, is apt to suppose that they have done a great business and had just received a great number of protested bills from their banker, and did not know which way to look for help. At Constantinople there is a market for slaves, where both sexes are exhibited for sale; either sold by private contract, or, more generally, to the highest bidder. The majority of the females are natives of Circassia.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The suburb Pera—Division of population of Constantinople—Ladies' street dress—The harbor—Reverses of the city—At anchor at Kastro in Scio—Observations—Cultivation of mastic tree—The cruel massacre of its male population, 1822—Sail for Beyrout — Violent storm — Pleasures of the shore — Citizen and sailor.

No foreigner, not even the friendly minister of foreign nations, is allowed to live in the city of Constantinople. He is forced to reside in the suburb of Pera, the residence especially of the foreign ministers. This locality presents the union of all nations of the globe; all languages are to be heard here, and all manner of costumes to be seen. The general population divides itself into 120,000 Greeks, 90,000 Armenians, 50,000 Jews, 2,000 Franks, 630,000 Mahometans. Each division inhabits separate quarters, having a distinct costume and different usages. The color of the boots distinguishes them at the first glance. The Mussulmen wear yellow, the Armenians red, the Greeks black,

and the Jews blue. The women wear veils which completely cover their forms when they go into the street. The harbor is one of excellent accommodation for shipping; the water is deep, and the bottom is of clay mud, so that the largest ships of the line approach so near the banks, as to touch the houses; and although it receives much of the filth and drains of the suburbs as well as of a part of the city, it always preserves the same depth and keeps itself clean. Here is a good Navy Yard with excellent fortifications. This city has withstood the severity of twenty-four sieges.

March 14th. We anchor at the renowned island of Scio, the birth-place of Theopompus the historian, Theocritus the poet, and Metrodorus, preceptor to the famous Hippocrates. This island was formerly, like that of Malta, an immense barren rock; but since industry, the child of freedom, has been at work upon it, it has become a fertile and beautiful garden. Twenty years ago the population was calculated at 110,000 souls. Lemons, oranges and cedars, together with an intermixture of figs and pomegranates, perfume the air; whilst the evergreen, the oak, the pine, the wild mastic tree and the carrube, are the only trees observed growing wild. The

mastic tree was extensively cultivated; and 100,000 of them were raised in twenty-two villages, each of which produced annually one pound of gum. Three hundred chests of this gum, of one hundred pounds each, went to the sultan. The inhabitants enjoyed full liberty of conscience. But in an evil hour, instigated by some Samiote emissaries to join in the struggle for Grecian independence with their brethren in Samos and Greece, they revolted, and joined their countrymen. Then the severest weight of Turkish vengeance fell upon them. In 1822 the capitan pasha invaded the island with a fleet, and landing several thousand men, stormed the city and the castle; on which occasion all the males above twelve years of age were massacred, and the women and children carried captive to Constantinople. From April 11th to May 10th, 25,000 persons were slain, and 30,000 were taken captives. Such, says an historian, has been the unhappy fate of the beautiful Scio!—To-morrow all hands will hear the boatswain's shrill whistle, and his thundering voice calling "all hands up anchor;" we shall steer probably for Beyrout; thus hastening on our way to the land of Palestine.

March 16th. On leaving Kastro in Scio, we

were met by a storm which for a time threatened considerable damage, blowing a perfect hurricane. We tacked about and stood for the Gulf of Scala Nova. The wind roared in the strength of its fury, thundering amidst our rigging, bursting our main-topsail into shreds, and pitching our ship about from wave to wave. How different is such a midnight scene from the beautiful exhilarating summer breeze on shore, when nature in all her brightness dances laughingly around you! where ten thousand modest little violets and a thousand beautiful primroses, intermingled with myriads of blades of the greenest grass, deck the rambler's pathway through the fields! A person can carry with him his cotton or silk umbrella when he rambles in the field, to shield his countenance from the too warm rays of the sun, or shelter his broadcloth and hat from the falling showers. When it is night, and a storm prevails, he may keep within his house, and looking from the window, "thank his stars" that he is comfortably housed while the trees of the field are uprooted and carried off by its violence. Not so with the sailor. Day or night, "rain or shine," he must take his watch on deck. At midnight, when the withering tornado blows, he is not

only exposed on deck, but has to mount the rigging and lay out on the yards to reef or to furl the sails. The rain drops fall heavily and furiously, and threaten to wash the whiskers from his face; while the wind, blowing with all its might, threatens to rob him of his hat, coat and boots.

CHAPTER XIX.

Scala Nova—Reminiscence of an emigrant during a storm on the Atlantic—Visit to Ephesus — Original temple of Diana—Present condition of the sites of the apostolic churches—Merry songs of the sailors—Under weigh for Beyrout — Anxiety to arrive in Palestine.

MARCH 16TH. Having ridden out the storm in style, we are at anchor now in Scala Nova. Here we shall bend new sails, and then venture on the broad and boisterous sea again. I am reminded of a storm on the Atlantic, which I witnessed, in the year 1846. Amongst a great number of emigrants on board the packet ship —— of a 1,000 tons register, was one poor Irish woman, coming over to see her sons in the west. She was very much alarmed, as the sea struck the ship and dashed over the decks, and poured down the steerage hatchway. Sea after sea struck the ship, and she was terribly frightened as the water rushed down "'tween decks." At length hearing a tar, in reply to the order to "let go" some halliard, cry

out "all gone, sir," she thought he meant the ship was about to sink. Up she jumped with all haste, seized the bag which held her modicum of provisions, threw it over her shoulder, and catching the neck in her mouth, laid hold of the main rope and began to ascend the ladder. The mate, Mr. (now Capt.) Lord, saw her advancing from the hatchway, and called out to her, to know what she was about. "Oh, sir," she says, "I thought you said we were *all gone.*" With a true sailor's politeness, he advised her to keep both herself and her provisions below. The poor old lady wished herself in America, and went quietly back to her bed.

During our leisure, several of the officers of the ship visited the now miserable village of Ephesus, although once one of the most splendid cities in Asia Minor. The Temple of Diana was one of the seven wonders of the world. It measured 425 feet in length and 220 in breadth; it was adorned with 100 columns, sixty feet in height, each column containing 150 tons of marble. Gold was lavished upon the exterior as well as the interior of its walls. Ornaments were scattered with great profusion throughout the building. The city of Ephesus was also the locality of one of the seven apostolic

churches. At Ephesus Timothy was put to death by clubs and stones, while preaching against idolatry, near to the Temple of Diana. During the persecution under Domitian, the Roman Emperor, it is said that the Evangelist John was put into a caldron of boiling oil, in which he remained for four hours unhurt. Being taken out, he was banished to the Isle of Patmos; thence he went to Ephesus, where he died at the advanced age of one hundred years. Sardis has also become reduced to a pitiful village. Philadelphia, or Allahshener, the city of God, is a large and extensive city, covering the declivity of three or four hills, and presents the remains of a lofty and thick wall which once surrounded it. It contains a Greek cathedral and several churches, is on the great caravan route to Smyrna, and has a considerable commerce. It is thirty miles southeast of Sardis, and five caravan journeys from Smyrna. Thyatira is now called Akhissar, is twenty-five miles southwest of Sardis, and forty southeast of Bergamo. Its rich and flat plain produces immense crops of cotton and corn, the source of the wealth of the inhabitants. It contains a population of five thousand Mahometans. Laodicea is the site of vast ruins, besides those of three

large amphitheatres, and a circus erected by Vespasian. It is now the abode of foxes. Pergamos, now called Bergamo, still shows the remains of its former grandeur. It contains ten mosques, two Christian churches, and a synagogue, and from fifteen to twenty thousand souls. An immensely large building, now a mosque, is said to be the church in which the disciples met, to whom St. John directed his letter. Bergamo is celebrated for the invention of parchment, and for its library, collected successively by the Attalian monarchs, to the number of 200,000 volumes; all of which fell into the hands of the Romans, and were subsequently gifted to the Alexandrian Library by Antony, the husband of Cleopatra.

March 18*th.* The jolly tars having got their sails bent, and everything ready for sea, again heave away at the anchor, singing their merry songs: "A Hundred Years Ago," and "The Good Old Way," and "The Easy Way." Three or four brave fellows are up in the tall rigging loosening the sails; the officers of the ship are at their respective stations; and we are all anxious once more to brave the dangers of the deep. At last the anchors are away, and give the ship to the sails

and the helm; and now we are under weigh for Beyrout, from whose old port the cedars of Lebanon were shipped *en route* for Jerusalem. I hope we may have better weather, and better luck—or "half a chance," as the sailors say; we are becoming very anxious to arrive on the coast of Palestine.

CHAPTER XX.

Scenes on board — Sailors' fondness for "grog"—Conversation about the Expedition—At anchor off Beyrout—American consul along side, his boat manned by Turks—His interest in the Expedition—Lebanon—Ruins in Beyrout—Turks visiting the burying-ground near the sea—Historical recollections—A bather gets a smarting "dose of the cowhide" — Leave Beyrout for Kaiffa.

MARCH 23D. The busy tailors of the ship's company are often seated, during the fine weather, about the decks of the ship: some are "ripping up," others "cutting out," and others again at work with the thimble and needle. But on the approach of wet weather, these things are all carefully put aside; the needles, thread, wax and thimbles are stowed away in their "diddy-boxes;" and the cloth or flannel put into their navy-bags. The watch on deck stow themselves free of the rain, under the forecastle, or elsewhere: the watch below "mending up" their clothes; or perchance some of them are playing a game at dominoes or checkers,

or Spanish poles, and others, more noisy, tipping off a song—"I've roamed in many a land," "Hail Columbia," "Yankee Doodle," "The star-spangled banner," or "Carry me back to old Virginia shore." At eight o'clock in the morning, and at twelve at noon, the men all assemble at the main-mast and get their grog—oh how they love the "grog!"—and, as they turn away, smack their lips, and say, "Ah, now the pride of the day is gone!"—meaning that there is no more grog for them that day. There is constant conversation amongst the men about the Expedition, and as we draw nearer and nearer to the scene of its labors, some of the ship's company are anxious to exchange positions with some of the Expedition men, so as to get a chance of going in their stead to the different places of interest, partly from motives of curiosity, and partly from a desire to be with the commander.

March 25th. At last we have reached Beyrout; from Scala Nova we have registered a run of six hundred and seventy-five miles to this port. Our anchor is "let go:" and away it dashes in its downward course, and soon brings the ship to. And now commences a scene of bustle. At the command of the officer of the deck, the men, after

seeing the anchor properly stopped, stand ready to "lay aloft:" and like so many monkeys, they clamber up the rigging, fast and light footed. Looking upward, I perceive that they have distributed themselves upon the different yards; some are lying out upon the main, some on the top-gallant, and others on the lofty royals—each man doing his duty in the quickest possible manner. At last the sails are "furled," the yards squared, and the ship looks as neat and pretty as when she first sailed. Our colors are run up aft, and our worthy Consul comes off to the ship; he has a boat's crew, dressed in the oriental style, with their bright red caps and large purple tassels, and with clothes of light cotton, made quite roomy. He expresses himself very much delighted with the object of our voyage, and ready to render us any assistance in his power. The mountains of Lebanon lie near us, and we feel as though we were already on the shores of Palestine. The green mulberry trees ashore look beautiful indeed; two old Roman ruins are visible—one close by the sea shore, the other in the centre of the town.

March 26th. Several caravans have come into

Beyrout, and their white and green tents dot the ground, close by the Turks' burying-ground.

Beyrout is now called "Berytus." At one time it was a place of considerable importance. At the latter period of the Roman empire, when it was as famous for the study of the law in the east, as Rome in the west, it was styled by Justinian, that paragon of legislators, "the mother and nurse of the law." It was the capital of Faker-el-deen, prince of the Druses, in the seventeenth century; and to the present day the remains of his elegant palace and ornamented gardens exist. Beyrout has a population of some 10,000 inhabitants—two-thirds of whom are Turks. It is the seaport for the cotton and silks of the Druses: and is surrounded with mulberry plantations, and orange and olive groves. The silk-worm is extensively cultivated. Standing on the poop-deck this morning, I observed several of the people belonging to one of the caravans, in their loose white dresses and large white turbans, walking among the graves in the burying-place near to the shore; while another person came from the tents down to the sea-side, and prepared himself for a bath; he took it, and had a swim. A Turk from the town happening to

observe this, came down upon the poor fellow with what we call a cowhide, and gave him a strong dose of it. I could scarcely help laughing at what to him was no fun.

March 28th. Up anchor again, and down sails. Nearer and nearer we go to the Holy Land. We are steering for Kaiffa, passing the ancient cities of Tyre and Sidon, and running somewhere in the vicinity of Galilee of the Gentiles.

CHAPTER XXI.

At anchor off Kaiffa—Preparations for disembarking the Expedition—Cogitations—Fate of previous expeditions to Dead Sea—Costigan—Yankee boys prepared for every emergency—Confidence in their officers, and especially in their "Commander."

MARCH 31ST. This day we anchor at Kaiffa, and commence preparations for our departure from the shores of the beautiful Mediterranean, to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea. Here we lie at anchor, and for a few moments a feeling which we can neither suppress nor describe, pervades our breast. For many days past we have been talking very anxiously of the time when we should leave the ship, land our "everything" belonging to the Expedition, and steer away for the interior of the Land of Palestine. And at length that day has opened upon us: the sun shines as brightly as ever: and we, like thorough-bred Yankee boys, are up to the mark. We have been told that there never was an expedition planned to explore the region of the Dead Sea, which prospered; some fatality, with

the unerring dart of an eagle, had always pounced upon its brave fellows: they had been sick, and lingered but a short while, and had died in this unfriendly climate: or had been attacked by the blood-thirsty Arab, plundered and then murdered. These things have taken place so recently, that the murderer has scarce sheathed his sword —the smoke from the pistol has scarce died away in the atmosphere—the unerring spear has scarce stayed from its quivering: and the blood of the murdered has scarcely yet been dried up by the prevailing heat, or absorbed by the surrounding earth. But for all that, and though poor Costigan (the most successful of all who have hitherto attempted to explore this region), having escaped the pistol, spear and knife, at last fell a victim to disease on the plains, after having finished his purposes in this region, without a friend or known companion to soothe him in his last moments—we Yankee boys flinch not: we fear neither the wandering Arab nor the withering influence of disease; we fear neither the heat of the sun nor the suffocating sirocco. We have determined souls, enduring constitutions, plenty of provisions, lots of ammunition, swords, bowie-knife-pistols, Colt's revolvers, car-

bines, and a blunderbuss which is able to scatter some fatal doses among any opposing, hostile tribe; we have officers as determined, cool, and brave, as ourselves: and for a commander, one of the best, most humane, thoughtful, and generous men in the world, who lacks nothing on the score of "bravery," and the resolute "go-ahead" spirit of a real, true-born American.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Effects" belonging to the Expedition landed—The hands mustered—Names of the metallic boats—The Expedition grouped on the beach—Chance for an artist—Ship "Supply" sails for Jaffa with some of the Expedition officers *en route* for Jerusalem—List of officers and men belonging to the Expedition—First encampment—Pleasure of remembering our friends at home.

THE boatswain's mate calls all hands to unship the Expedition boats and stores. And now the time is come: I hear the blocks of the tackle, and the feet of the many men at work at the boats quickly moving to and fro on the deck; and the orders to hoist, then lower away, ring through my ears. At length the two metallic boats we brought from New York are launched, after having traveled, as the log-book shows, a distance of six thousand seven hundred miles, "o'er the deep, deep sea." And now they are on the waters at no very great distance from Mount Carmel, while from the stern of each floats the American ensign. They are collecting the oars belonging to each

boat, and all the expedition stores, ammunition bags, and full supply of arms; water bags, and tents, cooking utensils, provisions, books, medicine chest, instruments, lead lines, India-rubber caps, leggins and coats. Every man seeks out his blankets and bed—which he expects to carry, in his march over land, on camels, or in the boat when he shall reach the Jordan, and have to encamp on its banks after each succeeding sunset. And now, as all the Expedition hands are called to "muster," I must slip my note-book into my pocket, and be ready to answer to my name when it is called.

March 31*st.* Noon. At length the Expedition's effects are landed on the beach, about half a mile from the town of Kaiffa. The two metallic boats, and the Captain's little gig, are afloat abreast of each other. The first of the metallic boats (built of copper) is called "Fanny Mason;" the second (built of iron) is named "Fanny Skinner." They are so constructed as to be easily taken apart into eight pieces, being more convenient to transport over the rough, rugged, and precipitous mountains between the shores of the Mediterranean and the Lake of Tiberius. At each end is an air-tight

chamber, which can serve the purpose of a life-boat, in case of accident. The Captain's "gig" is a very pretty little model, and is built entirely of wood. Here I stand in the midst of this interesting group, waiting the selection of a site where we may conveniently pitch our tents for the approaching night. I wish some clever artist could sketch our present appearance. I wonder what Congress would think of a picture representing the landing of their "Dead Sea Expedition" on the coast here, in full size portraits. There is no skillful daguerreotypist at hand, who, by the aid of a solution of iodine and bromine, assisted by the sun's rays, can render permanent upon his silvered plate our appearance at this moment. Old Sol rides above us, and throws our shadows on the beach; but they vanish the moment he becomes clouded.

After the bustle and confusion consequent on landing our "effects," had subsided, the principal officers returned to the ship, and set sail for Jaffa; whence they intend to visit the city of Jerusalem, and to pay their respects to the American consuls at the different places through which they may pass, and to deposit the cash chest which belongs

to the Expedition in the hands of the American Consul at Jerusalem: and after visiting various places in the city and suburbs of ancient note, they will rejoin us. We expect to hear some very interesting information on their return.

The names of the Expedition party are as follows:—Lieut. Lynch, *Commander;* Lieut. J. B. Dale, *Artist;* F. Lynch, J. Bedlowe, and R. Aulic, Esqrs.; Mr. J. C. Thomas, *Armorer;* and Charles Homer, George Lockwood, Gilbert Lee, Henry Loveland, Hugh Reid, John Robinson, George Overstock, and Francis Williams, *Seamen.*

March 31*st.* Four P. M. We have selected a site for our encampment: it is situate on the beach just in sight of the convent on Mount Carmel. This is the first time in my checkered life that I have looked upon a tent erected on the sea beach, as being a substitute for my bed-room. On looking inside I find no "mahogany four post," no soft feather bed—no handsome chest of drawers—no looking-glass, with neatly gilded frame—no toilet table—no well stored wardrobe—not even a single chair to sit down upon. The beach is my *bedstead,* and the sea my *wash-basin.* Ah, well, these must

answer for the time. Our circumstances are altogether novel, and we are bound to go ahead.

Our cooking utensils are among our baggage—our arms and ammunition at our finger ends—so that we are ready to cook, or to shoot. At any rate, a new era in our history commences. Our biographer must not overlook this day of our eventful life. We are cut off from assistance from the ship, whatever our circumstances may be. Still we are ready for any emergency, and will hope for the best. In all our journeys, and in the midst of all other attending circumstances, it is a pleasing reflection, that we have friends who are thinking of us at home, and who will receive us with joy when our journey is at an end; indeed, I trust they in time will be called upon to manifest that joy in regard to every one of us.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mount Carmel—Elijah the prophet—Scene on Mount Carmel, of ancient date—Dispute between the prophet Elijah and the king settled—The Expedition men in their tents—Flogging in the Navy—Case of John Harris.

MOUNT CARMEL towers aloft in the distance; its base stretches eastward to the plain of Jezreel, and southward to the ancient Cæsarea. This mountain is said to be two thousand feet above the level of the sea. The convent which I see from this spot, is built at an elevation of five hundred and eighty-two feet. It commands an extensive view of the ocean; and with a powerful glass one may view approaching vessels a long time before they can get within gun shot range. Towards the south we have a peep thence at Sharon's delightful vale. This mountain is inseparably connected with the life and doings of the Prophet Elijah. Here were assembled all Israel, and four hundred and fifty of the prophets of Baal, to see a matter of dispute between a

prophet and a king settled. And while I read the account of it in my pocket Bible, I feel a deeper sympathy for the good old Elijah, than I ever felt before. I can fancy him on yonder mountain—the vast crowd around him thirsting, as it were, for his very life's blood. If he did not feel somewhat anxious, as matters proceeded, it must have been the result of unbounded confidence in his God. His very life depended on the success of this bold adventure. There went up the bullocks to be slain and to be the subjects of the decision. Mount Carmel was covered with the thousands who were anxiously awaiting the result. The Prophets of Baal dressed the bullock, cut it in pieces and placed it upon the wood. Methinks I can now hear the sound of their voices calling upon Baal to present himself, and with fire from above, to consume the bullock. Oh! what a time was that, when from morning to noon, upon yon mount, the false prophets called upon Baal to prove himself a God greater than the God of the Israelitish prophet, whose bitter irony cut them to the very soul. Every look Elijah threw at them, every word he poured into their ears immeasurably augmented their mortification. But Baal did not appear.

Then the stern old prophet who had mocked them to the uttermost, stepped forward, surrounded by the thousands close upon him, proceeded to cut the bullock (given especially for this purpose) in pieces, laid it on the wood in the presence of all, and then called upon his God to vindicate his power to the thousands present by answering his earnest prayer. In the midst of a deathly silence he finished his fervent supplication. Then descended the fire from heaven, and the bullock was consumed. And when the people saw it, they "acknowledged the God of Heaven," and drove the "Prophets of Baal down the mountain side," where, by the brook Kishon, they slew them. On this spot did it occur; and while I stand and behold the mount, I am repaid for the uncomfortable hours spent on this voyage from New York. What a beautiful starting-point is this on our expedition! Mount Carmel has braved many a storm since then. The sun's scorching rays have descended with all their withering effect, and darkness has for many nights enshrouded it; still "Carmel" is there; but the prophet and the people, and the King Ahab, have long since passed away, and in the profound sleep of death await the morning of the resurrection.

But the night advances; and I must retire to rest, hoping that we may on the morrow, if possible, make a start from the shores of the Mediterranean; and get our boats away on their frames across the plains of the neighborhood, where the horse and his rider alike scorn the blazing heat of the sun. The men in their tents are taking things merrily; one of them, in singing "O carry me back to Old Virginia shore," is pounced upon by the rest for expressing such a sentiment before they've "begun to work; for they don't want to go back till they've been t' bottom o' the Dead Sea, and seen the spires and churches, and wine stores of old Sodom and Gomorrah."

It seems to gratify them to remember that there had been no flogging on board the ship all the way out; although, comparing their conduct with that on board other ships of the Navy, they have, even in their opinion, escaped very narrowly. Bets are freely made that there will be plenty of it before we return. I have sometimes been summoned, with the rest on board, to see a poor fellow take "a dozen of the cats," and really it appears to me the most debasing and savage mode of punishment that the human mind could possibly invent; and I

believe if men in the Navy were treated more like men, and less like dogs, there would be no occasion for the "cat o' nine tails."

I remember a case which occurred on board this ship while at New York. One "John Harris" took French leave, while the ship was lying wind-bound off the battery; and jumped overboard, and swam ashore at night, "to have another drop of rum." In the morning, he was afraid to come off. A messenger was sent to the police station in the city, offering a reward for his apprehension. The messenger saw him on the battery, and he was persuaded by him to come off. As soon as he came on board, he was ordered to the mast, and all hands were called together. The poor fellow expected to have a taste of the "cat;" but the captain spoke to him in a firm and appropriate manner, and instead of using the lash, told him he should stop his grog for three months. This step made a more salutary impression on the minds of the whole ship's company, and especially upon the man himself, than if he had been ordered to the gangway, and his back cruelly lacerated by the boatswain's mate. How often did the poor fellow say he'd rather take a dozen any day, than have his grog stopped.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Boats ready for a start over the mountains—Trouble with the horses—The boats again launched—The trial of temper—Assistance from passing pilgrims or Arabs—Arrival at the camp—"When, oh dear Yankee land"—Perplexities increase—Camels procured—Another difficulty—Re-encamp.

APRIL 1ST. Now commence our labors and our troubles. We "turn out," roll up our beds in our hammocks, look out for the cooking utensils, and get our breakfast; we strike our tents, and haul our boats out of the sea; rig them on the frames on which we hope to transport them up and down the mountain heights, and across the level ground. These frames or trucks are strongly built, and in length and breadth equal to the boats. They are supported by two wheels at each end, with a carriage pole to rig the horses to. We have several sets of capital harness, new and expressly for the occasion; and now we want a powerful Yankee team for each one. These, however, we cannot get, and therefore must employ Arabian steeds

to draw them. We have loaded the boats with our instrument cases, provisions and general baggage; and all is ready, after the arrival of the horses and guides, for a *bonâ fide* start.

Our horses at length arrive, and on the tiptoe of expectation we harness them to the trucks, expecting to see them "go ahead" without the least delay. We didn't care about their going at the rate of our butcher's market horses at home; but at any rate, somewhere between "stock still and a gallop;" but we were all much disappointed. Though the horses seemed to prance about, as fond apparently of their new gear as a child is of a sugarplum, yet, when harnessed to the trucks, they positively refused to draw; they would not even make an attempt. Coaxing and flogging were alike useless. They would gallop away with a man on their bare back, or saddled; but as for drawing, that was out of the question. Thinking the loads were too heavy, we eased them considerably; we did all we could to get them to move; but draw they would not—that was as plain as if, like Balaam's ass, they spoke right out. When the boats were thoroughly unloaded, these provoking creatures would not even attempt to go ahead with them.

What then remained to be done? The horses were entirely useless to us; nor could we get any that would draw; they had never been taught that art. In this dilemma it was decided to unship the boats again, and launch them upon the Mediterranean, and sail round to "St. Jean d'Acre," and if possible to force what horse power we had to transport the empty skeleton frames round by the shore. Consequently the boats were unshipped and launched, and again loaded with our baggage and provisions; during which time the men did not "bless" the horses much. The boats are now under weigh and steering for "Acre;" 'tis but a distance of sixteen miles. Having reserved some help, we made an effort, if it were possible, to advance; but advancement was out of the question. At length, after sundry efforts to disengage themselves from the frames, the horses moved onward a little, and then backed desperately towards the water's edge. I should like to know who in this wide world could keep down whatever temper he has under such circumstances? They backed further and further into the water; until, using measures the opposite of persuasion, we checked their backward travelling; and at length proceeded a

short distance. But the awkward wretches commenced another retrograde movement; and backing the trucks into the sea, they positively refused to draw them out. We had actually to take them out of the gear, and solicit the assistance of a company of pilgrims, or Arabs, that were passing by, to draw them from the water. We then harnessed the horses for another trial; and succeeded a little better for a time, and they then gave us more trouble; but eventually we got along, by much exertion, as far as the encampment for the night, which was within about two miles of "St. Jean d'Acre." We now began to think our troubles had really commenced. A general shout from the camp announced our approach, and all hands were anxious to see the "conquering heroes," with their captive teams. We were glad enough to unharness the brutes, and get them clear of the boat trucks, and take our ease. The morrow being Sunday, we defer further operations, save cooking and the like, until Monday.

April 2*d.*—*Sunday.* After another night under our tents upon the ground, we performed a due share of labor at the breakfast table—everything in regular pic-nic or gipsy style. I am by no

means "home-sick," yet my thoughts involuntarily tend towards the beloved ones I left behind me. Wherever they may be, however employed, and whatever their circumstances may be, I can think only of the fact that they are *far away* from me. Suppose that we take breakfast at eight o'clock by true eastern time; then we are *seven* long hours in advance of them; for before it is "sunrise" there, "glorious old Sol" has to travel all across the two oceans—some thousands of miles—before he can cast the foreshadowing rays of his actual appearance. The recollection of this strange fact makes me feel my *distance* from home more positively. What a vast plain of water rolls between us! I am tempted to allow my feelings to mould themselves into the following language—

When, oh dear Yankee land, shall I
Behold thee fresh and green—
When not a single mountain wave
Can rise or roll between?

But I have yet to cast my eyes over the surrounding scene, and take a peep as far "ahead" as I can. How we shall ever reach the Dead Sea I do not know; the idea of getting there, with all our baggage of books, instruments, and other necessary

supplies, seems for the moment to be visionary; but we Yankee boys can perform wonders, and we are not yet "out of spirits." To-morrow we'll teach the horses how to draw.

Two days have now passed away, and what have we done? What amount of business have we performed towards our *debut* on the plains of Galilee? We have ascertained, after spending a great amount of strength and temper, that the good-for-nothing horses had never been taught to draw any kind of carriage or cart; and that if we cannot make them draw, we must either sell or exchange them, or give them away—in fact, by some means get rid of them—and employ the "ship of the desert," the camel power of the east.

April 3*d.*—*Monday.* Another effort has been made to use the horse power at command. The horses were harnessed to the trucks, during which time they appeared to be casting "a knowing look," as if to encourage each other in the conduct of the previous march. Persuasive measures were now used to get them to start, without any load on the trucks. But no—they would not move a peg. The opposite of easy measures were resorted to; but alike without effect. I remember to have

seen a caricature of a "donkey race," to illustrate the idea that persuasion is better than force: the riders brought their donkeys up to the stand, one having a bunch of famous carrots tied at the end of a stick, the other having a few strong blackthorn twigs. The race commences; the blackthorn twigs were brought into "abusive use," but the donkey would't mend his pace: while the other was galloping along after the bunch of carrots, which were suspended "ahead of him," a little beyond his reach. But I must question if a bunch of carrots so applied would have proved any temptation to our obstinate Arabian animals.

We are now forced to try the experiment with camels, and have given up the idea of using horseflesh in our march, except under saddle.

We received a supply of camels from somewhere; but they did not seem very much inclined to draw the trucks, and we really thought we should have been obliged to reduce the boats to fractions, and thus divide them piece-meal among the camels in order to effect their transportation; fortunately they were so constructed that in case of necessity we could have taken them into eight pieces each; but at length we harnessed three camels to each

truck, and eventually got them to draw them off without any further trouble; thus far we felt encouraged with the prospect of going ahead at once without any more provocation or delay. But whilst exulting in the apparent success of our achievements another unexpected difficulty arose: We had apportioned to each of our remaining ten camels his share of our general baggage and provisions, &c.; this they resolutely refused to carry; there they stood, nor could we coax or force them onward. Each one eyed his driver wistfully, and with a contemptuous movement of the lip, persevered in standing still. Such an accumulation of difficulties and disappointments were sufficient to cause any others than *Americans* to give up to despair. It appeared as though we were never to leave the shores of the Mediterranean. Nature thus far refused to assist us, and fate smiled scornfully upon all our attempts.

We remembered the days when we have traveled, "bag and baggage," on a railroad. But alas! here there is no track upon which a steam engine could run, nor is there in this district a steam engine that can fly off at almost any number of miles per hour with a hundred times more bulk and weight than ourselves and all our effects put together. We

must then put up with these annoyances, and from our experience of other days, improve our present circumstances the best way we can.

Having to procure additional camels we encamp for the night, hoping that on the morrow, our attempts to move onward may prove a little more successful—that we may at least be on our way toward the Sea of Galilee, and the Jordan. For the time being, however, we may as well take things easy.

CHAPTER XXV.

Reinforcement of camels—Baggage train—Plains of Galilee—Argile's banditti—Sheerif of Acre—First night with the banditti—Difficult traveling—Visit from a neighboring sheik—Arrivé at Tiberias.

APRIL 4TH.—*Tuesday.* This morning we have "done the thing well." We rose early, struck our tents, and after having obtained a reinforcement of camels, and divided amongst them the whole of our baggage, stores, and boats, we made a successful movement, and considered ourselves fairly under weigh for the Lake of Genesareth, or Sea of Galilee. We were all well armed, each having a carbine and bowie-knife-pistol; and in the chest of arms, were several swords, revolvers, and the renowned blunderbuss. We were mounted on first-rate Arabian steeds, which, in case of an emergency, at the instance of the rider, would dart across the plains with the velocity of the wind, and in case his rider was thrown, would immediately

stop. The baggage train, consisting of some twenty-five or thirty camels with their drivers, went ahead, and our troop of cavalry followed. Success had heretofore crowned our efforts, and now we tasted the reward of perseverance in the pleasure of being at ease on the back of a fine Arabian horse. Everything proceeded well. We crossed the plains of Galilee safely, when we were joined by a party of "Bedouin Arabs," with the notorious chief, Argile, at their head; these had been properly engaged and instructed to act as our guides; with them was also the "Sheerif of Acre," a fine-looking old gentleman. Altogether we numbered about fifty men, all well armed. The Sheerif accompanied us as a protection, for even fifty men would soon be overcome by the desperate bands who infest this region. The Sheerif, being a *descendant* from the great *Mahomet*, is much respected and feared by all the Arabs—who call themselves Mahometans. About four o'clock P.M., we came up with the baggage train, which, it will be remembered, preceded us in the morning before we entered the beautiful plains of Galilee. To-night we pitch our tents in a valley called "Blowey Valley:" the mountains on either side

of us are very high, and covered with trees, wild flowers and grass. This is the first night of our encamping with our friends and guides, the Arabians; with them is a bard or minstrel, belonging to "Argile's tribe," who is eternally scraping a one-stringed fiddle, "à la mode" Paganini, though by no means of his class. He will not give us, I am afraid, a chance either to sleep or dream. We know not what advantage this tribe may take of our drowsiness at night, but we know that by day,

> "He who a *watch* would wear, two things must do—
> Pocket his *watch*, and watch his *pocket* too."

April 5th.— Wednesday. We have passed through the first night tolerably well, considering all the circumstances which surround us. This morning, after satisfying our wants, we made an early start over a rough and difficult road; here there was some considerable difficulty attending the transportation of the boats. Between ten and eleven o'clock we entered upon a long plain; shortly afterwards passed the ruins of an ancient building, near which was a stream of pure water, where our horses quenched their thirst. Being a little in

advance of the boats, we there awaited their arrival. After crossing this plain, we entered upon another uneven and almost impassable road; at the extremity of this road, another plain, three miles broad, commences; after crossing this, we halted for the night near an Arab town: there we pitched our tents, and began to feel "at home on the road." What should we have done with the poor horses we first harnessed to the trucks, upon such a road as this? If we had succeeded, in the first instance, in getting them off, we might have stuck fast "'tween towns." As soon as our tents were secure, and everything comfortable, the sheik of the town and his attendants paid us a very pleasant visit. We copied the customs of the country in supplying "coffee and pipes" to visitors. At this encampment we were joined by one Dr. Anderson, an American gentleman, who, for the past five years, had been traveling in this part of the world. His company we were very glad to have, and his experience would have been of signal service to us in the prosecution of the purposes of this Expedition. It is at all times cheering to meet with a friend when in a foreign land, and to the commander and officers of this Expedition it

was particularly encouraging to meet with the above gentleman in this distant and dangerous locality.

April 6th.—Thursday. This morning, being joined by the baggage train about eleven o'clock, the whole caravan moved on. The roads still continue rugged and hard to travel on, although the surrounding country appears fertile and well cultivated: the standing crops around us seem to be almost "ripe unto the harvest." Passed several straggling companies of Arabs, who tendered us their friendly salutations. We continue our route over bad roads, leading down precipitous vales, and over high mountains, so that it is alike difficult and dangerous in making ascent and descent. The baggage train is yet "astern" of us: how they will manage over these roads we are really at a loss to know. Our horses seem to be somewhat used to them, and pick their way with apparent discretion. At length we see the town of Magdalen in the distance; it is built on the summit of a very high mountain. This town, as well as that of Tiberias, was nearly destroyed by an earthquake about twelve years ago; we are now drawing near to the latter place. At six P. M., we halt at the

house of an Israelite, in the town of Tiberias. The town stands on the western bank of the lake called by its name; it is now but a poor place, and from the effect of the late earthquake, lies partly in ruins. It was originally built by Herod, and called Tiberias in honor of Tiberius Cæsar. It was an ancient seat of Jewish literature, and is still of some note as a school of Jewish Rabbies, who are at perfect freedom to study the Old Testament and the Talmud. Its present name is "Tabareeah." We feel anxious about the arrival of the baggage train.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Anxiety about our baggage train—Condition of the boats—Sound of American hammers—Boats afloat on the Sea of Galilee—Fame of Jesus—The hot springs of Emmaus—Notes on Capernaum—Fate of the Galilean cities—The River Jordan—Cogitations—Vow of the Nazarites.

APRIL 8TH.—*Saturday.* The baggage train has not yet arrived, and we are in fear for its safety. Much of our success depends upon having good boats, especially down the rapid and precipitous stream of the Jordan. And now our commander (with eleven men) leaves the encampment, and goes in search of them. They met them about one hour from the town, and found that the boats were pretty much "used up:" they arrived before the gates of the city about ten A.M. It appears that they encountered much difficulty in those formidable mountain gorges and heights, which were so annoying and dangerous to us; they were actually obliged to lower the boats down the awful precipices which lay in their route by means of ropes.

And now they have arrived at Tiberias, we have to go to work at once and repair damages. It is a wonder they got here at all in any condition. The sound of American hammers now resounds for the first time on the shores of the Sea of "Galilee of the Gentiles;" and, we will venture to say, in repairing the first American boats that were ever seen on the shores of this sea. Time rolls onward. The repairs are at length completed, and the metallic boats are afloat on this Galilean sea, and appear as good as new, and just as fit for their purpose as on the first day we saw them. They are accompanied by an old wooden boat, bought in Tiberias, to assist in carrying some of our effects down the Jordan. By way of giving it a name we will call it the *little* "gig," although it forms the most perfect contrast with the Captain's pretty little gig which he presented to the Sultan when at Constantinople. Each of the two "Fannies" bears the American ensign, which, for the first time since the creation, floats on that sheet of water, which, in its stormy rage, was once calmed by the voice of the Saviour of mankind. Methinks that, now the sound of the American hammer has died away, I can hear the mellow voice of the Commander, saying

to the raging storm, "*Peace, be still.*" Here the Saviour walked on the water to the ship which was "far from the shore." Well might the people in the ship cry out with fear when he drew near to them, supposing him to be a spirit; nor can we wonder that his fame rang throughout the whole region, or that the people throughout the country brought every case of sickness in the neighborhood to him to be healed. About one mile to the south of Tiberias are the hot springs of Emmaus. On the western shores once stood the city of Capernaum, where the Saviour principally dwelt during the three years of his public ministry. "And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea coast in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim." Like ancient Tyre, the city has passed away, and the place on which it stood remains unknown. "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained unto this day. But I say unto you, that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment than for thee." In the neighborhood of the plain are found ruins of

ancient grandeur, indicating the wealth of the old city of Capernaum. Genesareth has also disappeared, and in like manner have all the unbelieving cities of Galilee been brought to naught, so that it is difficult to determine the site on which they once stood. But we are now all anxious to enter the Jordan, whose stream connects this little sea with the waters which now cover the site of the ancient cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Sunday, 9th. To-day we rest from our labors, and cogitate on our whereabouts. There is a cloud of Scriptural interest around the whole course of this rapid and circuitous stream, running as it does from this small ocean, which is rendered sacred by the actual presence, and the miracles, of Jesus Christ, both on the water and on its immediate shores. This cloud (if we may use the term) surrounds the traveler all the way down the Jordan. Joshua, with all the children of Israel, encamped on the banks of the Jordan. "And the priests that bare the Ark of the Convent of the Lord, stood firm on dry ground in the midst of the Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people had passed clean over Jordan." —*Joshua*, iii. 17. From the bed of the Jordan

he took twelve stones as a memorial of the fact, and lodged them in their first encampment in Gilgal. The history of these twelve stones the children of Israel were commanded to tell to future generations. The waters of the Jordan were again divided: once by Elijah, immediately before he was so miraculously taken up to heaven: and again by Elisha, who had been, as it were, to escort Elijah to the place where his novel journey commenced in the chariot of fire. But the stream has been rendered still more endearing to the pilgrim and the Christian; it has been the scene of more holy transactions. Jesus himself was baptised in this stream, and the voice of God resounded in the ears of John, who performed the rite, saying, as Christ came up from the waters, "Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The heavens also opened on the occasion, and "the Spirit, like a dove, descended upon" Christ. How often have I read of the Jordan, when my honored father would teach me, while very young, to read and to revere the pages of the "Holy Book," little thinking I should ever, by any possibility, be within several thousand miles of its course. The voice of my

father still sounds in my ear as I look upon the scenes around me.

We understand that there are throngs of pilgrims in Jerusalem, who have come from all parts of the eastern world and the islands of the Mediterranean, to "celebrate the anniversary of the baptism of Christ at the sacred spot in the Jordan." They number from sixteen to twenty thousand. The real source of the Jordan is still a problem, and I do not know whether it be any part of the Expedition's duty to solve it. The difference of the level in the two extremes of the Jordan, between the Sea of Galilee and the Dead Sea, is variously estimated. Captain Symonds, who has recently visited the Jordan, tells us that the difference in the level of the Dead Sea, compared with that of the Sea of Galilee, is from nine hundred to one thousand feet. If it be, there is some dangerous work for us to do before we reach the Dead Sea shores. The thickets of the Jordan were once infested with lions and bears; but the natives of this region inform us that there are seldom any now seen. The whole course of the stream is beset with the daring Arab, who glories in his acts of plunder and cruelty to travelers. Many other dangers may await us, but I

believe we are well prepared for whatever may happen, and with a firm nerve,

> "On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
> And view the landscape o'er;
> Not all the dangers which surround,
> Shall fright me from the shore."

To-morrow we shall glide down the stream under the powerful heat of the sun. Our own people, and our guides and their attendants, are all in good health and spirits, camels in tolerable order, and our tents are pitched for the night. There will not be a great deal of time for taking notes on our way down the Jordan, but I must follow it up amid all the "freaks of fate" and "chances of war."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Preparations for the dangerous trip down the Jordan—Reach the mouth of the Jordan—The way the first dangerous rapid and fall was managed—The little gig wrecked—Escape from drowning—Encampment—Difficulty about cooking among the men—Rapids and falls—American courage in the midst of dangers—Surrounded by Arabs, who are attracted by our novel appearance.

APRIL 10TH.—*Monday.* This morning we rise, take breakfast, strike our tents, and prepare for a "sail;" the two metallic boats and the little "gig" are now in their element. The whole caravan is in good spirits, and we divide into two companies; a certain number, with the camels, on the land route, and the remainder, in the boats, on the water route. The general instructions are, "to keep as near together as we can, so that in case of an attack, either party can assist the other." The baggage is also divided; the lighter things are put into the boats, and the heavier ones are packed on the camels' backs; this being done we shove off from

shore.—We pulled slowly down the lake, having the Tiberian little gig in tow, and soon reached the mouth of the River Jordan. We were then able to ease our oars a little, since the current runs at three or four miles per hour. Presently we came near to the ruins of a bridge, in the immediate vicinity of which was a streaming rapid and a steep and dangerous fall; over this we had to pass somehow or other: there was no circumnavigating it: the fall was there, and we must dash over it at all hazard. We thought it right, however, first of all, to unload the boats on the banks, and then, "neck or nothing," firmly brave the danger: the word "Ready!" was given—every precaution was taken—and with a thrilling interest the undaunted "Yankee boys" guided the copper boat, for she took the lead, into the stream: and away they went dashing ahead, all hands ready to jump overboard if she should strike the rocks and come "broadside on" to the edge of the fall, and so slew round and capsize. But despite all their forethought and skill, "she struck," and slewed round with all hands in her, and dash she went into the midst of the fall. At this dangerous moment the little gig came over the rapid, jumping like a parched pea,

and dashing at us, struck our boat "amid-ships," threatening to break us in two. We fortunately received no injury, but the poor little gig was broken to pieces. Then the iron boat dashed into the midst of the stream, and leaped the dangerous fall without sustaining any damage. However, one of the men, Hugh Reid, lost his equilibrium, and falling overboard, had a good ducking, and narrowly escaped being drowned; he was soon got on board, with his hat, pockets, and shoes, full of water: himself drenched to the skin. In a few minutes he was all the better for it. Having performed this feat successfully, we hauled the boats to the banks below the rapid stream, and secured them for the night: having before us a continuation of dangerous rapids and falls. The officers have an Arabian cook to dress their food and to prepare their meals. There was some little difficulty amongst the men as to which one should cook supper or dinner for the rest. One did not think *he* ought to do it, and this one did not think that it was *his* duty; another would not, and so on. At length the Captain, with his usual discretion and firmness, settled the difficulty, not only for that day, but for ever, and each man took

his turn to cook for the rest; he was, of course, not called upon to do any general duty with the rest during the period in which he assumed the "responsibilities of a cook." Sailors can do almost anything connected with their domestic comfort; "wash their own clothes," "cook their own food," "make and mend pantaloons, coats, and hats," "sew," "hem," "stitch," and "darn," and a great many more things besides. Poor fellows, how would they fare if they could not?

April 11*th*. Tuesday. Set out again this morning on this circuitous stream, in the midst of dangers, but very few delights. However, the true-born, undaunted American never flinches from his duty. Dangerous rapids and falls awaited our advancing movement; there was one to begin with, from ten to fifteen feet deep; but despite all difficulties, onward was our motto. I could have wished one half of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston to have seen us go over it, which was in the following grotesque manner. We made fast a stout rope to a tree on the bank, having one end in the boats, and then, guiding them into the current, tried to ease them over the fall; one or two persons were in each of the boats to manage them;

the rest were *over-board*, hanging on to the sides of the boat; then, coming into the midst of the fall, dash they went one after the other down the rushing stream. The poor fellows looked like "drowned rats," as we say, but they received no harm, neither did this ablution cool their courage; the boats escaped without any damage. After this affair was ended, we at once manned our boats and guided them down the stream; we passed an Arab town built on the peak of a very high mountain, when some two hundred of the inhabitants came running and shouting down the mountain slope. Our "carbines" now underwent a close scrutiny; the Arabs did not, however, appear to be prepared for hostilities, but were attracted by the novelty of the scene of our gliding along upon the surface of the stream. Their display of curiosity in examining our boats was truly amusing, and they could not possibly have ever seen one before; many of them came into the water and tried to stop them, catching hold of the sides, while the current was eight or nine knots strong, which soon wearied them in their attempts to oppose our progress.

Gliding snugly along, about sundown, we approach within half a mile of our caravan, and en-

camp for the night at this distance from them, in consequence of an intervening "rapid and fall" which is considered dangerous. We think it the more prudent step to have a good share of daylight around us when we attempt these sudden leaps down the stream. The banks of the Jordan are beautifully studded with vegetation. The cultivation of the ground is not so extensive as it might be, and as it would be, if the crops were secured to the cultivator, from the desperadoes who scour the region. The waters of the Jordan are clear and transparent, except in the immediate scene of its rapids and falls. It is well calculated for fertilizing the valleys of its course. There are often plenty of fish seen in its deep and steady course; but we see no traces of the lions and bears which once inhabited its thickets: now and then are to be seen footmarks of the wild boar which sometimes visits the neighborhood.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Dashing over rapids and precipitous falls—An Arab encampment—The blunderbuss—The hospitality of the Arab—A sheerif and a prince in the boats—A boat on the Jordan a novelty to the Arabs—Ruins—Another fearful fall to dash over—Amongst hostile tribes—Their late deeds—Argile and his Arabs save us from an attack—Length of the Jordan—Pilgrims' Ford where the Israelites passed over.

WEDNESDAY, 12TH. This morning we make another start. We are still doomed to come up with a series of rapids and falls, which are more or less dangerous. We have communicated with the land party, and find they are all in excellent condition, in good traveling trim; and then we are off on our dangerous errand. Few of our party can boast of dry clothes since we left the placid waters of the Sea of Tiberias, or of experiencing much comfort; but although we feel somewhat worn out, we are ready to attend most resolutely to the orders of our "gallant commander," who is at all times considerate for our welfare. Our guides tell

us there are not any very dangerous rapids after to-day.—To-night we have halted near an Arab encampment. The Arabs appear very friendly toward us; but still, without casting any slight upon them, we think it best to stand by our blunderbuss and our indispensable quantum of slugs; and prepare our small arms, in case of hostilities. The Arabs, I understand, have so great a regard for the rights of hospitality, that if any one, even an animal, takes shelter under the shade of their tents, they think it base to give him up. And a writer further says, "it is astonishing what wealth has been spent and what blood has been shed among them, in maintaining this principle of duty." He relates the following story to illustrate the fact. "Bahram Gor, when a young man, passed much time among the Arabs, and was fond of hunting over their extensive deserts. As he was out one day he fell in with a doe so remarkably swift, that though mounted on one of the fleetest horses, he could never get within shot of it. The chase had lasted some hours, when the poor creature, faint with heat, fled in despair to an encampment of Arabs, and took refuge in one of their tents. Bahram followed at full speed, and

pulling up at the door of the tent, called to the man to give up the deer. 'The arrow that is now set in your bow, must first go through my heart,' said the man, 'and even then you will not escape the vengeance of my people. Take my horse if you will, which stands at the door; but not one hair of this doe shall you touch. *When did an Arab ever betray his guest?*' Bahram, recollecting the habits of the people, turned away without saying another word." It is further stated, that on a subsequent occasion, he rewarded the hospitable Arab very handsomely. How far such a disposition of hospitality will be displayed by our neighbors toward us who are without their camp, we cannot say; but there are at present no signs of hostile feelings.

Thursday, 13*th*. This morning we move along quite early, having with us two very important personages; the one is the distinguished Shèerif of Acre, and the other the prince of the locality through which we are passing. Our course down the river has been smoother to-day than heretofore, with only an occasional rapid and fall. The average speed we have traveled through the day is ten knots per hour. About mid-day we halted.

The Prince left us, to pay a visit to the town of his residence close by. We took luncheon and left one of the boats to pick up his highness on his return; during his absence the women from the town brought down a supply of new milk for the boat's crew. Men, women and children came flocking down to us, partly in compliment to the Prince, and partly to see the novel sight of a party of American people navigating the Jordan. No doubt the Prince will often refer to his trip in the boats of the American Expedition through his own territory, with much satisfaction. About five P.M. we came up with our camp; it was pitched opposite a ford nigh to another, yes, another dangerous rapid and fall. After which, some of our officers crossed the stream to examine some ruins on that side of the Jordan; but I did not learn the success of their observations.

Friday, 14*th*. Soon after sunrise we commenced our onward march, and successfully navigated the rapid and fall. Had a pretty good run until noon, when we halted to take "solar observations." We pocket our observations in the shape of figures, and move along. Being now in the midst of hostile tribes, we put in force every precautionary measure,

and keep a "bright look out ahead." We are now in the locality in which a whole party of Englishmen were recently plundered. Scarcely had we reached the dangerous spot when our attention was arrested by a group of Arabs upon the hills above us. All hands were promptly called to arms, when the Arabs hailed us to know if we were friendly, or not; we replied in the affirmative. They had seen our baggage train, or caravan, pass that way a short time before, under command of Lieut. J. B. Dale, who was accompanied by the noted chief Argile and his band of twenty-five well armed men, whom they did not desire to attack. They now viewed our party with the most perceptive eye, and decide not to attack us. And probably it is much the better for us that they see we are too well armed, and too strong a body for them. A struggle to prove it would probably trouble us with a few fractures, or wounds, which might be an annoyance under our present circumstances. We had a tolerably good run all day with the exception of several rapids and falls, which kept us constantly "wet to the skin;" but in the prevailing excitement of the different scenes through which we pass, we forget our little

difficulties and our temporary conditions. We feel extremely anxious to reach the "Pilgrims' Ford" before the 18th inst., in order to join with the pilgrims in the celebration of that day.

Saturday, April 15th. Once more we are under weigh at an early hour, pushing our researches onward down the Jordan, which is the most wonderful stream in the world, and the most sacred; and though it be only sixty miles in a straight line from Tiberias to the Dead Sea, yet we have traveled some two or three times that distance, and have not yet reached the Pilgrims' Ford, which is some distance on this side the sea shore. But we are drawing nearer and nearer to that remarkable body of water. The stream on which we now glide along is more easily navigable. About noon we had made many more desperate dashes over comparatively small falls, and now remain a little while to take some solar observations; after which we proceed on our journey, passing beneath a large arched bridge, when, towards evening, with another fall before us, we halted till the morrow should dawn. The weather is very hot through the day, but the nights are pleasantly cool. To-night we are not very far from the "Pilgrims' Ford,"

the spot where the children of Israel passed over directly to the plains of Jericho, led by Joshua; also where John baptized Jesus. Here we are anxious to mingle with the pilgrims on their anniversary day.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Another dangerous rapid and fall—All hands overboard—Encampment—Anniversary at Pilgrims' Ford—Motive for baptizing in the waters of the Jordan — Aroused in our encampment—Thousands of pilgrims arriving—The reason why the youth Jesus might be lost for a day—Description of different pilgrims—Baptizing commences—Exciting scene continues—Consecration of the Expedition boats—Re-assembling of the pilgrims—Escorted by soldiers across the plains back to Jerusalem—Bedouin Arab.

SUNDAY, 16TH. We proceed anxiously on our way, commencing with the dangerous and precipitous fall. All hands are anxious to make the best of it, and are ready to brave the worst. We had halted here all night so as to have the advantage of daylight amid the frolicsome scenes of this stream. Everything being ready, the boats one after the other are skillfully worked, till in the midst of the furious rapid, we at length take the leap. All hands are once more completely immersed in the sacred stream, and as they hold on to the gunnels of the boats, the sound of their hearty cheers for a

moment drowns the noise of the rushing waters; and the brave tars, once more wet to the skin glory, in the sport, exclaiming "that was a capital leap." We proceed as usual, making the best of our way, having a current of from four to five knots in our favor; hoping in the course of to-morrow to reach the interesting spot nigh to Gilgal. We encamp for the night as the shades of evening close o'er us. We pitch our tents, which have shone like so many spots on a desert shore, upon the east side of the Jordan, on a broad plain, stretching to the south and east.

April 17th, Monday. Strike our tents early; and in active preparation for another day's adventures upon the sacred river, spend its earliest hours. We are anxious to reach the Pilgrims' Ford on the eve of the interesting occasion we have already mentioned. Our guides say we have no very dangerous leaps to take, until we come pretty close to the ford. We anxiously hasten onwards, determining to reach the spot before night-fall, if possible; so that we may encamp before the thousands of pilgrims may have arrived. But meeting with several small rapids on our way, we did not reach there till 10 P.M. Many of the pilgrims had al-

ready arrived, and in interesting groups dotted the banks of the Jordan, and the plains of Jericho, which stretch along in this vicinity. Having sought out, as we supposed, the most appropriate site for our encampment, we once more erected our tents, on the banks of this stream. We are surrounded by an immense number of pilgrims, who are devoutly seeking the spot where their fathers, perhaps for many generations before them, had recognized the anniversary of the same sacred rite—the baptism of Jesus by John, in the Jordan; under the impression, that to wash in these hallowed waters, would "cleanse them from all unrighteousness." It is a scene full of thrilling interest, throwing back the mind upon itself in silent cogitation, demanding of it to investigate the value of the motive which had drawn such a vast assemblage together, from all parts of the eastern world, and many thousand miles from their homes. The idea is interesting, that they had come so far, exposed themselves to so many deprivations by sea and by land, with enduring devotedness; forgetting their consequent pains and sufferings in the interests of their pilgrimage, and in the constant recognition of surrounding objects, spoken of years ago by

their forefathers, who, when returning from *their* pilgrimage, would call their friends around them and speak of the scenery, as well as of the troubles, the pleasures and the trials which surrounded their pathway.

April 18*th*, *Tuesday*. "The anniversary of the baptism of Jesus by John in the Jordan." As early as two o'clock this morning we were aroused from our short slumbers by the thousands of pilgrims who were gathering around us. Instead of having pitched our tents out of their way, we found that we had indeed encamped immediately in their track, and consequently had to remove about three-fourths of a mile further down. The vast crowd, still increasing, even doubling and tripling their numbers, are assembling on the extensive and beautiful plains of Jericho. There are probably twenty or twenty-five thousand men, women and children. On looking around, we see here a family group, and there a knot of acquaintances; here a host of friends, and there a band of townsmen—all in their respective parties. Their dresses are as diversified as their age and looks. Here is a whole family seated upon a couple of camels; there are three or four children in panniers carried

by a mule; and there upon a beautiful Arabian horse a husband and wife; while yon, upon an ass, sits perhaps the gravest-looking old man in the whole crowd. All this vast multitude have their coffee cups, plates, knives and spoons, or substitutes; their coverlets, tents, and perchance a change of linen, or of general clothes; their provisions, and probably some valuable medicine in case of sickness. It was in a similar company that Jesus, when he was but twelve years of age, went with his parents to Jerusalem. When they returned thence to go to their own homes, they took no pains to ascertain whether their son was, or was not, with them, until night came. The peculiarities of pilgrimages explain what otherwise may be considered singular. When pilgrims come together, after having accomplished any given purpose, a family does not manifest any uneasiness if one of its members is not immediately seen—because every one, knowing the customs of such companies, is expected, when the signal to halt and encamp is given, to be with his immediate friends. But it seems that Jesus did not make his appearance, and his parents sought him among kinsfolk and acquaintance. Every New Testament reader

is acquainted with the interesting sequel of this little incident.

It is very probable that among so vast an assemblage as the one before us, there is every variety of circumstance and disposition. We see there the aged man, whose snowy crown tells us that he has seen many a setting sun, and endured many pains and sorrows; that many difficulties and dangers have been strewn in his path: he may have shed the tears of sympathy or of anguish—he may have received consolations in sickness, or he may have dispensed them to others: he may have been, and may still be, a man of sound principle, of high honor, and thus have become the example of the town in which he is known: he may now have come to pay his last visit to this most interesting locality. There, beside him in the other pannier, may be the object of his "first love," the stay of his heart amid his sore distresses, the guardian angel (may we not apply the term to some of the daughters of Eve?) of his latter days; may have accompanied him, perhaps over the boisterous sea, to Jaffa, and thence have traveled along side him over precipitous mountains and dreary wastes in that humble conveyance, sharing in his joys and sorrows, his last

pilgrimage hither. And there is the robust, strong, and hearty Nazarine, who looks as though he could put his shoulder to the foundation of Trinity Church in New York, and sprinkle Broadway with the stones of its tower and steeple: as though no troubles had ever found out that he possessed a brain and a soul; starvation had never saluted him when abroad, or walked arm in arm with him at home; but he, in the strength and pride of his beard, comes down to Jordan with his family to mix with the crowd of pilgrims of to-day. There are the richly dressed, and the poorly clad, of middle age, and of prepossessing appearance; their brows unwrinkled with care or with the fantastic finger of time: their expansive foreheads and well-formed craniums would attract the attention of "Fowler," the New York phrenologist: and the well-formed lips, proportionate chin and nose, with the depth of forehead, and expressive countenance, would attract the observing eye of his brother, the physiognomist, who would immediately espy an immense variety of temper and disposition. Here, too, is the beardless youth of more tender age, sporting about with all the lightheartedness of boyhood, probably not yet taught to seek his own

bread, but expecting his every day supply from his parents' table, as, years ago, I used to look for my daily bread at my home. He enjoys the holiday—the pilgrimage—the expedition; nor, for one short moment, thinks of care or woe. There, too, is the infant, whose little lips have not yet pronounced one word—who, as yet, has never employed its voice to speak its tiny observations: born but a few days, probably, before its mother commenced her pilgrimage (perhaps over the sea, or from a distant city on the shore), to the sacred stream: here it is, amid the din of the assembled throngs, to be baptized by its mother in the holy waters of the Jordan. Here are all ages and conditions of men, from different countries, brought together by one prevailing motive, participating in this religious holiday. The scene on the broad-spreading plains increases in interest; the flaming torches which served as a "lamp to their path" before sunrise are extinguished; the banks of the Jordan are lined with the living mass, and now old, middle-aged and young, commence, with eagerness, to hobble and jump into the river; the children of several years are thrown in, and the infants carefully handled by the mothers; the

poverty-stricken and the sumptuously dressed alike unceremoniously wash in the stream, while their countenances bespeak the happiness of their souls. Who would not wish to join in such a pleasure as this? It is worth the whole voyage from New York. There are a few *Americans* here, and although they have been taught to believe in another mode of being cleansed from their sins—by the blood of Christ—yet they cannot withstand the pleasure of baptizing in these holy waters under such peculiar circumstances. The very recital of the fact will carry with it a charm to ages yet unborn. In the midst of this exciting scene stands our humane and generous Commander, having ordered our boats to lie below the spot, in order to pick up any persons who may by accident be swept from the bank into the current, which runs rapidly here. Are not the boats, the two "Fannies," *consecrated* from this day? We say decidedly—*Yes*. While the thousands of pilgrims washed in the stream, however, not a single accident occurred: no one was washed away, or driven by the current among the rocks; all are safe again on the plain, and the camels, mules, horses and asses, quietly wait the assembling of their re-

spective riders, when all are ready to return. About noon the whole baptized throng were on their way rejoicing; again crossing the plains of Jericho, under a strong escort of Turkish soldiery. This is a necessary arrangement for the protection of life and possessions from the prowling Bedouin Arab, "whose hand is against every man."—The multitude are gone, and have left this adventurous little band of Americans and their attendants alone on the plain. We looked around us as though we were waiting for the manager of some magic lantern to give us another dissolving view in the lecture-room. It seemed impossible, as we reflected upon the scene of the morning's development, that the circumstances which we have narrated could have actually occurred; but one hour since, and thousands of pilgrims were jumping into the stream, and baptizing in the water, and now they are all gone, as though they had vanished away, or had precipitously receded from our sight by some supernatural assistance.

CHAPTER XXX.

All hands called to arms — Proximity to the Dead Sea — Comparative scenes of interest—Enter the Dead Sea—No admission—Sledge hammers—Americans are fearless and successful—Determined to perform the purposes of the Expedition—Dead Sea water and waves—Effect of the water upon the hands of the men—Stones, &c., from Pilgrim's Ford—Storm—No admission—Length of route, and interesting incidents, down the Jordan—Dangers—Difficulties—The wandering Arab—Commence operations on Dead Sea—Buoyancy of the water—Depth—Nature of bottom—Another salt lake near Damascus—Remove tents, &c., towards the plains of Engeddi—What the Latins call the Dead Sea—Color of the sand of the Dead Sea beach—Its taste—Storm—Superstition of Arabs.

LAST evening, after our look-out was stationed and "all hands" had turned in, the signal was given by the man whose "look out" it was, that some danger threatened us. All hands were at once called to arms. It appeared that on the opposite side of the river, about thirty paces from us, a party of Arabs were crawling amongst the bushes, endeavoring to surprise us and attack our camp. Our guides boldly stood forth and hailed

them, but they made no reply; we then fired a volley among them, when they scampered off, and left the neighborhood. These Arabs are desperate and dangerous fellows. Our big blunderbuss has been mounted several times, and we have been encouraged by the remembrance of its capability of spreading around us numerous fatal doses at one time, in case of necessity—self-preservation being the first law of nature. At two o'clock this afternoon we are once more afloat in our metallic boats, and sailing rapidly along to the place where the Jordan pours its boisterous tide into that body of water below which lie engulfed the ancient cities and inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah. Thus are we rapidly passing from the sacred stream of the Jordan, where such exciting scenes have been performed by the devout and ardent pilgrims of to-day, in commemoration of one of the most interesting scenes and examples in the life of Christ, to the salt and sulphurous lake, beneath which, for many ages past, whole cities have been buried in the midst of their sins. From one scene of interest to another the Jordan carries us rapidly onward.

At half-past four, we had reached the borders

of the Dead Sea, and were boldly carried into its waters by the rushing stream of the Jordan; but, soon after entering upon its bosom, we were driven back again to the mouth of the Jordan by a sudden storm of wind, as though we had entered a forbidden enclosure, and the sentry had hurried to meet us upon the wings of the wind, to proclaim to us "*No admission.*" The wind, however, being "bound on a cruise," left us at the mouth of the Jordan, giving charge of the enclosure to the resident waves. We then made another attempt, and the waves, taking up the cry of "No admission," dashed with fury against the intruding boats: reminding its bold navigators of the sound and force of some immense sledge-hammers when wielded by an Herculean power. But the jolly and brave tars pulled away at their oars, and succeeded in making some nine miles from their entrance; when coming up to the camp, they were glad to have a little moment to wipe their sweating brows; it was then eleven o'clock at night, and they had had a very hard pull. We now haul our boats on the shore, and make them fast for the night, and secure them from the destructive waves of this heavy water. We have made our entrance upon the Sea,

beyond a doubt, in spite of both wind and wave; and although the wind and wave would have us think there was no admission, we would have them remember, if possible, that we are on important business, and also that we do not intend to leave the enclosure until that business be well performed. We have already noticed the following few particulars: the extraordinary buoyancy of the waters, from the fact of our boats floating considerably higher than on the Jordan, having the same weight in them; the great weightiness of the water, from the terrible blows the opposing waves dealt upon the advancing prows of our boats. Another peculiarity was, that when the men's hands became wet with it in rowing, it produced a continual lather, and now the skin is oily and stiff, having a prickly sensation all over it. Up to this moment there is no lack of enthusiasm amongst us. Some of our men are carefully putting aside for safe keeping numbers of small stones and specimens of rock which they brought from Pilgrims' Ford. One small spiral shell was picked up from the sacred spot, and put into my hand—it is to me a most valuable relic.

Wednesday, April 19th. Here a little band of

determined and persevering American navigators lie encamped on the borders of the Dead Sea, having successfully sailed across the vast flood of waters which roll in the Atlantic and Mediterranean, and crossed the rocky and barren mountains, then down the circuitous and dangerous rapid stream of the Jordan, and thus far upon the Dead Sea. And here they are compelled, by a raging storm, which now troubles this little sea, to lie encamped all the day, with the sound "No admission" rolling into their ears. But, bent on performing the duties of their mission, they employ the time, thus leisurely thrown upon their hands, in making observations in their note-books, or stowing them away in their memory, and in taking the rest they so much need from the fatiguing trip down the Jordan.

After making some few notes in our diary, we will wind up the balance of the day in repose. From the Lake of Tiberias to the Dead Sea is a straight line of sixty miles; but we have run a distance between these two places of two hundred, down the course of the Jordan; so circuitous is it, that, some days, after a hard day's pulling in the boats, we seemed scarcely even with the parallel

of our starting-point. Sometimes we were hedged by high and barren mountains, sometimes gliding along in the midst of a luxuriant valley, in the navigation of its sudden and dangerous windings; in the midst of thickets, where we were obliged to lie flat in the boat, in order to escape becoming entangled in the overhanging branches, which, from the violent course of the stream, we had no time to cut away. Sometimes, hatchet in hand, we cut and cleared our course; then again were we driven through wild rapids, and dashed over bold and precipitous falls, from ten to fifteen feet high; and, after having escaped these in a half drowned condition, we fell among professional thieves and murderers, who at times alarmed the guards of our encampment either by their bold or secret manœuvres. Sometimes we were intercepted by banditti who threatened and demanded, and at others surrounded by a horde of murderers lying in ambush to surprise and attack us when we might least suspect their presence. Amidst all these difficulties, however, we have arrived thus far safely, and successfully followed up the purposes of the expedition; and despite all obstacles we are ready ready to commence operations upon this—the Dead

Sea—the moment the now prevailing storm subsides. For the present we will sit together and converse on the condition of the wandering Arab, who is without a settled home, who passes his days in the "dangerous and bloody pursuit of gain on the highway;" he possesses no domestic comfort, no luxurious table, no cultivated garden around a well-built house, no deposits in any savings-bank, no care for the Sabbath; he delights not in literary pursuits, nor is there much in the whole character of the Bedouin Arab that may be considered praiseworthy and honorable. Day and night he is abroad pursuing his purposes of cruelty, rapine, and murder, whenever there's half a chance. We can feel a kind of sympathy for their forlorn condition, when we contrast it with that of respectable men in enlightened countries. How little are they supposed to know of the various countries, or of manners and customs of other nations.

Thursday, April 20th. The storm has ceased; it has spent its fury, and this morning we make all necessary preparation for commencing operations on the Dead Sea. The two boats are manned, and under the command of Lieut. Dale, accompanied by Mr. Aulic, proceed to sea, with their lead lines,

patent leads and barometers and other necessary instruments, and commence sounding the upper end of the Dead Sea. The one boat taking a straight course across the sea, then up to the mouth of the Jordan, and thence back again to our encampment. The other boat making about a "two point" course to the southward, sounding every five minutes. They have finished their duty, and have both returned to the camp; the one arriving at nine o'clock and the other at eleven P. M. The deepest line through the soundings of the day has been eighty fathoms. The water is buoyant to a suprising degree; the bottom is covered with mud and slime, and has many crystals of pure salt. The beach stones are covered with an incrustation of salt and have the appearance of so many lumps of that substance. The water is transparent and is very bitter and extremely salt to the taste. It is very heavy; it is said to be the "heaviest water in the known world," and we have no doubt that such is the fact. In the district of Damascus is a lake called "Nahar el Marju, or Lake of the Meadows," in which the numerous streams irrigating the celebrated plain of that city are swallowed up,

which is also very salt and buoyant; but is of little note, especially when compared with this.

Friday 21*st*. This morning, after breakfast, we pack up our encampment and move a few miles further down the shores of the sea, having satisfactorily "sounded" from the mouth of the Jordan as far as this spot. Our boats and camels take their part, with their respective conductors, in removing our utensils, instruments provisions, tents, &c. We got away in pretty good time and made a temporary encampment for the night, proposing to make a permanent one on the Plains of Engeddi. Here we found some excellent water by digging in the sand close upon the shore. The Latins called this sea "Lacus Asphaltites," from the quantities of bitumen found in it. This bitumen is black, very much resembling the pitch with which we are more familiar. The Arabs make it into crosses and different representations, which they sell to the pilgrims. Along the shores every stone seems to be encrusted with salt. The sands are not so bright as those of the Mediterranean and Atlantic Oceans, but of a dark brownish color, and have the same taste as the sea water, although it seldom distributes its waves over them; being

so well protected by the surrounding mountains its waters are seldom troubled, and the storm which broke upon us was something extraordinary. We do not believe in the supposition advanced by some of the attendants, who have an interpretation for everything among themselves which appears a little singular. Suppose this storm was a warning? Might we not as well suppose it was a welcome, and then drive ahead? We trust that Lieut. Lynch's report will furnish a sketch of our train of camels, with their loads, their attendants, &c., as well as of our boats and crew, in the act of removing our encampment toward the plains of Engeddi, as well as of our encampment to-night.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Encamp on the plains of Engeddi—Harvest on the plains—A welcome bath in fresh water—Effect of Dead Sea water on our clothes and skin—The course of the Jordan, before the overthrow of Sodom—Fate of the citizens of the plain unfolded to Abraham—Citizens smitten with blindness—Lot rescued—Sudden overthrow of cities and citizens—Remarks on the tragical occurrence.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22D. This day we made our permanent rendezvous on the Plains of Engeddi, while engaged in sounding and surveying the Dead Sea. We arrived at about 3 P.M., landed our effects and selected the most appropriate place for a permanent encampment. We pitched our tents once more upon these shores, in sight of the boats. Here we mounted our all important blunderbuss, and called this bunch of tents our home. After looking a little while for water, we found plenty of it, very good; so that before nightfall we had all our business for the day finished. The plains of Engeddi are fruitful and the crops a little distance

from our camp told us it was harvest time. Some portions of the produce had been gathered in, and the people were cutting the rest, which appeared in very good condition. This little sea is a gloomy spectacle, when, in connection with its ancient history, we contrast it with the present living scenes in the neighboring harvest fields.

Sunday, April 23d. To-day we take a little rest. After we had measured the plains, on which we encamped, most of us went down to a fresh water stream which empties itself into the Dead Sea, and there we had a most luxurious bath. It was the most delightful and grateful bath we ever remember to have had—yes, better than the Franklin baths, at the Battery in New York, ever afforded us. We had quite a task to wash from our skin all the oily uncomfortable substance which had clung to us from the Dead Sea, for our clothes and skin had become positively saturated with the salt water. Some of the men found this bath so acceptable that they set to work and washed whatever of their clothes they could spare. After this most welcome bath we returned to our camp, much more comfortable than when we left it, and took things easy, feeling both refreshed, strengthened,

and benefited. Everything throughout the camp proceeds agreeably as usual. It appears to have been satisfactorily settled in the minds of scientific travelers that this "lake" had no existence previous to the overthrow of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, up to which date the River Jordan continued its southerly course as far as to the Gulf of Akaba, or eastern tongue of the Red Sea, which is a continuation of the same valley as that through which the Jordan now flows. At that time Sodom and Gomorrah were flourishing cities on its banks, and were watered by its streams. In the height of their prosperity the citizens reveled in sin and iniquity, like man in the present day, when filled with the fruits of prosperity he so oft forgets his Creator and gives way to the overwhelming course of sin. Man in the present day, so far as our own experience serves us, is sometimes brought to want and sometimes afflicted; and thus brought to his right senses. The rebellious citizens of Sodom and Gomorrah had gone to extraordinary lengths in sin. We are told the sound of their wickedness had gone up to heaven; and eventually God had determined upon their destruction, together with their cities and their plain. And on a certain day, when Abraham

walked with three men who were strangers to him, on their way to Sodom, from the Plains of Mamre,* the Lord opened to Abraham (who is called the friend of God) the story of his intentions towards the guilty cities. Abraham possessed interest in the welfare of the cities, and he entreated the Lord with all his soul, that this judgment might be stayed; that a general consuming of the cities and citizens might not take place. He was at length assured that, if only ten men who were righteous could be found within the cities, they should all be spared; and the matter rested, so far as Abraham's entreaties were concerned. There could not be found ten men in all the place who were righteous; and subsequently the destruction of the cities and citizens of Sodom and Gomorrah was decided upon. And on a certain evening, in the cool of the day, the fate of the city was opened to Lot, a relation of Abraham. Lot sat at the gate of the city, perhaps enjoying the breeze from off the mountains, or engaged in silent cogitation within himself upon the sinfulness of the inhabitants. For up to this period Lot was a favored man. Per-

* Genesis, chap. xviii.

haps he might be engaged in calculations on business matters, or in his devotional exercises; for he had chosen a quiet spot outside of the city walls. However, there he sat, and there came up to him two strangers; a conversation ensued, and the result was, that they went home with him. During the short time they remained at his house they smote those citizens of Sodom with blindness who so clamorously demanded that Lot should give them up, that they might vent their fury upon them.*

And now let us take the Old Testament history for the account of the subsequent overthrow of the cities. *Genesis* xix. 12. "And the man said unto Lot, hast thou here any besides? son-in-law, and thy sons, and thy daughters, and whatsoever thou hast in the city, bring them out of this place: For we will destroy this place, because the cry of them is waxen great before the face of the Lord; and the Lord hath sent us to destroy it. And Lot went out, and spake unto his sons-in-law, which married his daughters, and said Up, get ye out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city. But he seemed as one that mocked, unto his sons-

* Genesis, chap. xix.

in-law. And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city. And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him; and they brought him forth, and set him without the city. And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life: look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain: escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed. And Lot said unto them, Oh, not so, my Lord! Behold now, thy servant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou hast showed unto me in saving my life: and I cannot escape to the mountain, lest some evil take me, and I die: Behold now, this city is near to flee unto, and it is a little one: Oh, let me escape thither, (is it not a little one?) and my soul shall live. And he said unto him, See, I have accepted thee concerning this thing also, that I will not overthrow this city, for the which thou hast spoken. Haste thee, escape thither; for I cannot do anything

till thou be come thither: therefore the name of the city was called Zoar. The sun was risen upon the earth, when Lot entered into Zoar. Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and upon Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the LORD, out of heaven: And he overthrew those cities, and all the plain, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt. And Abraham gat up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord. And he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace." Thus in a very short space of time, was the whole plain, with its magnificent buildings, and its thousands of citizens, engulfed and buried in the midst of their excesses and wantonness. The pleasure seeking crowd, men, women, youths and maidens, tripping along on the light fantastic toe, on their way to their favorite places of resort. The business man, the merchant and the professional here laid aside their daily occupations and caught the prevailing spirit, *pleasure*. Probably mounted on their best steeds, in their daily ride, or taking a

drive in the suburbs of the city, encouraging in their soul the one prevailing spirit of the day; others mixing amid the scenes of riotous jollity and amusement; and planning for the morrow, which, he says, "shall be more abundant than to-day;" another counting up his gains and his possessions; another wretched old miser making secure from the robber his golden god, burying it in the earth; the stripling and the maiden taught the dangerous and sinful practice of their fathers; all, old and young, bent on their own pursuits, reveling in infamy and vice, blind to everything else; given up to sensuality and withering degradation; forgetting the hand which supplied their every-day comforts; forgetting, amid their songs and revelings, the very existence of their own souls; having no heed for the Sabbath day, no care for the sanctuary of the Lord of hosts, carried on by the overwhelming tide of their own sins; yet full of jollity, mirth and gaiety, until the day when the ground quaked beneath their feet, terrific thunders rent the air, and torrents of liquid fire came down upon their heads. In the midst of their gaiety and pleasure, they had become acquainted with the progressing catastrophe; but,

alas! too late. How were they prepared for the demolishing effect, not only of falling walls around their ears, but for the opening earth, which, with the flashing lightning and the falling torrents of fire, was charged with the execution of the vengeance of heaven? Thick darkness prevails; shouts, groans, and cries, have all died away. The temples have fallen, and with their gods, are buried with the entombed multitude. Yes, the temple, the idols, the worshipers, the gay, old and young, rich and poor, master and servant, mistress and maid, mother and child; are all, all, in one promiscuous throng, engulfed in the "lake burning with brimstone and with fire." Yes, such was the fate of the cities which once spread themselves on the space now occupied by this most extraordinary gloomy looking sheet of water. This fearful visitation is said to have occurred some three thousand nine hundred and forty-five years ago. And now nothing remains to be seen of all that was once called magnificent, in Sodom and Gomorrah; cities and citizens are alike destroyed. At this date we stand on the shores of the scene of their destruction; and cannot suppress the rising emotion akin to that which, to a very great extent, must have filled the anxious

soul of Abraham when, very early the next morning, he "looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah, and toward all the land of the plain, and beheld, and lo, the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Depth of the Sea—Crystals of pure salt at the bottom of the Dead Sea—Warm spring of fresh water—Evaporation—Danger of traveling amongst hostile tribes—Encamp near to Sodom—"Lot's wife's monument"—Remarks on the "Pillar of Salt"—The burning sirocco—Suspicions excited—Blunderbuss—Men armed to fetch water in India-rubber bottles.

MONDAY, APRIL 24TH. This morning our boats are manned, one under charge of our commander, the other under command of one of the officers; we prosecute our plan for sounding the sea. Our boat takes a south-easterly course, and lands on the peninsula, from whence we take a westerly course. After getting nearly across, we hauled her up to the northward until abreast of the camp. The second boat takes a more northerly course, and arrives at the camp by sundown.

The soundings to-day reach to one hundred and eighty fathoms, or ten hundred and eighty feet. The bottom of the sea is soft and slimy, or muddy, containing crystals of pure salt; at one time the

bottom seemed to be entirely covered with crystals. Thus far our success is "up to the mark." We have observed many little springs which run into the Dead Sea; and there are also some streams of importance besides the Jordan and the Kedron: amongst which is a beautiful stream of warm, fresh water. The evaporation constantly going on is immense; all the waters running into this sea escape only through the medium of evaporation; they do not rush along to fall into any other ocean as the waters of the Atlantic rush into the Mediterranean, but are absorbed here. We cannot then wonder that the rocks, as well as the beach stones, are thickly encrusted with a foreign body—that of salt. These incrustations possess a taste agreeing with that of the waters of the sea.

Tuesday, 25th. After another night's rest, we come out of our camp "refreshed as with new wine." Our enthusiasm is well *preserved*, nor do we think it will ever *decay* while we are so well *salted;* our very clothes are saturated with salt, and the skin on our hands and face is, during the day, upon the sea, rendered stiff, disagreeable, and oily, and a prickling sensation spreads over us. This morning we start, with provisions on board

for four or five days, to enable us the more uninterruptedly to prosecute our labors. So putting into the boats all our cargo, we left the camp in charge of the Sheerif of Acre, with one of our men, who was on the sick list, and a company of Turkish soldiers, to defend the camp against the attacks of the Bedouin Arabs. On the first night we encamped a little to the northward of Usdom (Sodom), beside a spring of fresh water.

Wednesday 26th. This morning we are examining the hills of Usdom, and seeking with a good deal of curiosity the ever-famous "Pillar of Salt," which marks the judgment of God upon Lot's wife. On pulling round the shores of the sea we saw an *immense column*, rounded and turret-shaped, facing toward the south-east. This, we were told by our Arabs, was the Pillar of Salt, in which Lot's wife was encased at the overthrow of Sodom. With some difficulty we landed here, and our esteemed commander and Dr. Anderson obtained specimens from it, and Mr. Dale took a sketch of it. Our boat's crew landed also, and their curiosity was gratified by their gathering specimens, some from its summit, and others from its base. It was measured, and found to be

sixty feet in height, and forty feet in circumference. We cannot suppose that Lot's wife was a person so large that her dimensions equalled those of this column. Many think that the statue of Lot's wife was equal to the pillar of salt which the Bible speaks of, let that pillar be where it may and whatever be its size. They will not probably credit that this is the pillar, their preconceived notions having much to do with the matter, and they would have everybody—Americans and Syrians alike—think that she was at once transformed into a column of very fine-grained, beautifully-*white* salt, about five feet or a few inches more in height, and in circumference that of a common-sized person of the nineteenth century. Be that as it may, no two minds have, perhaps, formed exactly the same opinion on this matter who have not visited this spot. But here we are, around this immense column, and we find that it is really of solid rock salt, one mass of crystalization. It is in the vicinity which is pointed out in the Bible in relation to the matter in question, and it appears to be the only one of its kind here. And the Arabs of the district to whom this pillar is pointed out as being that of Lot's wife, the identi-

cal pillar of salt to which the Bible has reference; the tradition having been handed down from each succeeding generation to their children, as the Americans will hand down to succeeding generations the tradition of Bunker's Hill Monument in Boston. My own opinion on the matter is, that Lot's wife having lingered behind in disobedience to the express command of God—given in order to ensure her safety—that while so lingering she became overwhelmed in the descending fluid, and formed the model or foundation for this extraordinary column. If it be produced by common, by natural causes, it is but right to suppose that others might be found of a similar description. One is scarcely able to abandon the idea that it stands here as a lasting memorial of God's punishing a most deliberate act of disobedience, committed at a time when he was about to show distinguishing regard for the very person. We carefully brought away our specimens, intending to show them to our friends in America, when we shall have the good fortune to arrive there, and to talk with them on the subject. We are sure that they will be glad to see specimens of this much talked of and wonderful pillar, whatever mystery they may be

inclined to throw around its history. This end of the sea is very shallow, and its waters more dense, more salt, than where they are of greater depth: here it is from one to five feet in depth. We now leave this "Pillar of Salt," and return to our boats richly laden with specimens from it; we cross the sea and obtain soundings on our way. We had nearly reached the opposite side when a new danger assailed us; we have braved all the dangers of the Jordan, in its stream and on its banks, and the peculiar storms on the Dead Sea, and now a new specimen of the dangers to which man is subject visits us. The fearful, scorching "*sirocco*" rages around, threatening us with suffocation and blindness, and causing almost insupportable thirst. The "fiery atmosphere" seems as though it would doom us to the very fate of the unfortunate citizens who now lie engulfed below our boats; but we fearlessly pull away, until, coming to a place called "Meserah," we land amidst the raging heat of the wind, and there we encamped for the night. Soon after we landed and had pitched our tents we saw the fires of an Arab encampment, at which we grew very suspicious; we therefore kept a sharp look-out, and mounted our all-important blunder-

buss, and prepared our small arms, in case of any hostile manifestations from them. There being a spring of fresh water at a little distance, our men took up their arms and went to fill our India-rubber water bottles, for they were nearly all empty, and they then returned to the camp in safety. This dreadful sirocco lasted for ten long hours, during which time it kept our supply of water so warm, that it scarcely quenched our thirst.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Recover from effect of storm—Thermometer at midnight—Interview with the Arabs—Depth of the sea—Heavy breeze—Evaporation covers our footprints—Pull against a head wind—Storm—Return to the camp after a few days' absence—Copper boat injured by the heavy waves—Visit to the Castle of Massada—Visit to Carrack—Arms—Battle between our guides and the wild Arabs—Arabs lying in ambush—Christian Arabs present us with a boar.

APRIL 27TH.—*Thursday.* Having recovered from the suffocating influence of the storm of hot wind, which raged so fearfully yesterday and last night, we rose early, having had but little sleep, it being too hot for us to rest: the thermometer at midnight standing at 118°. We rose and stretched our weary limbs just after daybreak, when we saw several Arab women not far from our camp; we went towards them, but they fled at our approach. Soon after this, while our men had gone to fill up our bottles with water, previous to our departure, we saw a number of Arabs coming down toward the tents. Not knowing who they were or what

they might want, we thought it best to stand by our arms; we accordingly mounted our blunderbuss and planted the American flag, then snatching up the rest of our arms, we coolly formed a line in front of the camp, and allowed them to approach within a certain distance: when our commander, without any hesitation, accompanied by his chief interpreter and guide, went forward to meet them. After the general salutation of kissing each others' cheeks and shaking of hands, they formed in a half circle and squatted down upon the beach. After a short conversation (through our interpreter) we gave them some tobacco, &c., with which they were very much delighted. In the meantime our men had returned from the spring with their bags of water, which they speedily stowed in the boats along with our tents and general cargo; when this was done the Arabs rose from the ground and came to assist us in pushing off from the shore. The construction of the boats seemed to astonish and please them, but they were utterly confounded when they found they had no *legs*, and wondered how so many men could possibly travel in them; and as we took our seats one by one, they were more and more surprised, and especially so when

we pushed off from the land and floated upon the sea; they stood in rapturous amazement when they saw us pulling away and still away from the beach on the bosom of the sea, until we were beyond their sight. We pulled across the sea, sounding all the way, finding a depth of one to three fathoms. The other boat pulled round the peninsula, and stood in shore off the west side: here we all landed and encamped till the next day. A heavy breeze setting in from the west about this time gave us much trouble in effecting our landing.

It will be observed that this end of the sea is very shallow—one might say, uniformly so—so that the soundings give, almost entirely, a flat level bottom of slimy mud. It presents no crystals, but the shores were lined with incrustations of salt, probably from the constant evaporation rising from the sea. We noticed, after landing at Usdom, that in the space of an hour, our very foot prints upon the beach were coated with a crystalization.

Friday, April 28th. Left our encampment and once more embarked in our boats and pushed off from the shore. We had scarcely got off when a a heavy northerly breeze set in and gave us a hard

task. Our supply of water was nearly exhausted, and we had, consequently, to reach the camp as soon as possible, that being the nearest place whence we could expect to recruit our stock. We therefore had to pull hard against the ponderous waves, which were set in motion by the stormy wind. We are by this time quite familiar with the saltness of the water, the effect it had upon our clothes and upon our skin, and also, with its immense opposing force; for, whenever disturbed by a breeze, they dealt tremendous blows, as from some unfriendly sledge-hammer, against our boats, which made them tremble. We have no doubt that their effect upon boats built of wood would be very disastrous. After eight hours' fatiguing labor, we came in sight of the camp, when all came out to welcome our approach and return. We landed and found the Sheerif of Acre and his attendant Arabs all well and glad to hail our arrival; we also were very glad to meet with them once more. We found the camp as we left it; no accident had happened and no attack had been attempted, during our temporary absence. In consequence of the dashing force of the agitated waters, we could not get any soundings on our route throughout this

day; therefore, we kept "in shore," so that, in case the violence of the wind increased, we might the sooner land our effects and haul the boats on the beach for security from the blows of these heavy rolling waves. Having now securely landed our effects and boats we find, upon examination, that the copper one is somewhat injured and disabled, and we ourselves feel that we want a good washing, in some of the fresh water springs which run into this sea, to remove from our skin the oily and prickly substance which adheres to it; our clothes also, want a good washing.

Saturday, April 29th. This day we have the copper boat under repair; she was completely disabled from active service during the storm of yesterday. The iron boat had weathered the sledge-hammer blows of the waves without sustaining any damage; she went out to-day, under proper command, with her general crew, to get the soundings we were prevented getting in consequence of the gale of yesterday. From the remaining number of men and officers, a party was selected to pay a visit to the celebrated castle and fortress of "Massada," now, mostly in ruins. It is said, that this castle and fortress was originally built by Jona-

than Maccabees, afterwards strengthened by *Herod the Great*, as a place of Refuge. It is related of a number of persons who had sought refuge here, and while here, surrounded by the army of an enemy, that they, at the instigation of their leader, Eleazer, choose rather to devote themselves to self destruction, than to fall into the hands of the blood-thirsty and merciless enemy without the walls. They therefore chose ten men from their midst, who should massacre the rest. This arrangement was so thoroughly carried into effect, that but four boys and two women escaped. Some parts of this castle are in a state of good preservation. It stands upon the top of a high mountain, which bears the name of the castle, and is only approachable by one small, narrow, winding passage through the rocky cliffs.

Sunday, April 30th. Being the Sabbath, we have a little leisure time, as is usual on that day, when circumstances will admit. After dinner, the boats are manned to cross the sea to Carrack, where we expected to meet our guides, having sent them on beforehand to get everything ready, and make all necessary arrangements with the authorities for our visiting their town. Before we landed on the beach,

we espied a party of Arabs among the bushes. Our fears were soon excited and soon allayed, for, on hailing them, we found that they were friendly towards us, and proved to be a party of residents in Carrack, who had come down with one of our guides to escort us back to their town. We then landed, and with the help of these people, hauled our boats on shore and secured them, as we expected to stay two or three days, or more, on shore. On meeting with our assembled guides, eighteen in number, on their way to meet us after having made all necessary arrangements for our visit to Carrack, we learned, that they had been severely attacked, in the night, on making the eastern shore, by a party belonging to the tribe called Binesucars, when our guides were joined by a party of the Binesucars' enemies, and a bloody and sanguinary battle ensued, which lasted from four o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon; when the offensive party were beaten off and retreated, carrying their dead and wounded with them. Our guides then proceeded to prosecute their errand, and subsequently arrived safely at Carrack with their wounded and one prisoner, a fine looking chief. A little before night, we were joined by a number

of Christian Arabs, who had come from Carrack to meet us. They proved a valuable acquisition to us; their presence protected us from another party of Arabs, who were lying in ambush preparing to attack us.

May 1*st.* This morning, our Christian Arabs brought us a fine boar, which proved a very acceptable change from mutton diet. Our horses had been sent on from Carrack, but they did not arrive till night; we therefore remained stationary until next morning.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Thunder storm — Bad roads — School house our quarters—The priest—The sheik—Visit the fortress—Mahometan system of plunder—Greek church—Adieu to Carrack—Resolute Americans in a difficulty with the sheik's son—Precipitate movements on beach—The Arabs alarmed at our sailing—The Arabs follow us—Wady of Zurken—Warm spring—Men experiment in the Dead Sea—Horse in Dead Sea—Ass led into the waters—Patches of Canes—Bushes.

MAY 2D.—*Tuesday.* This morning, mounted our horses and made an early start from our rendezvous last night, for the town of *Carrack.* Immediately after which a heavy thunder storm came on, and lasted just long enough to wet us through, there being no shelter from the rain. The roads here are very bad, and in some places almost impassable, particularly where it leads over the precipitous mountain side, where, frequently, there is just room enough for one horse, and that on the very edge of a perpendicular cliff some two or three hundred feet high. At length we arrived at Carrack about noon, the distance in a straight

line being but ten miles; but the extreme badness of the roads renders it very slow traveling, and, indeed, ofttimes really dangerous. We are now directed to take up our quarters in the town's school house, which had been generously set apart for our use during our sojourn here. We were very kindly received by the priest, who is a very fine looking Arab, and apparently about forty years of age. Soon after our arrival we were visited by the sheik of the town. He is a fine looking man, with a tremendous crop of hair about his face; he appears to be about seventy years of age. His son, who accompanies him on this visit, is a savage looking fellow of very dark complexion and a well-cultivated black beard. They ask many questions, stay about two hours, and promise another visit. On leaving us, they gave us permission to go wherever we pleased. We soon procured a guide and set out to explore the district; firstly, directing our steps to the *old castle* and *fortress*. These have the appearance of having once been extremely strong, and stand upon a very high mountain that had been very strongly fortified. It was taken by Ibraham Pacha of Egypt, in 1834, when he destroyed the castle

and fortifications. There are about two hundred professors of the Greek religion in this district, who live solely at the mercy of their neighbors. The Mahometans live entirely by plundering the Christians, leaving them ofttimes in want of the commonest necessaries of life; they also plunder all travelers who are not sufficiently guarded to be able to repel their attacks. They extort money from every possible source, and appear by their actions to be destitute of all conscience. We returned in the evening to our quarters at the school house, where we partook of an excellent supper, and afterwards retired to rest. At this date, 1848, they are building a new church here, and receive the necessary funds from the Greek Church at Jerusalem; their extreme poverty prevents their doing anything, by way of contributions, amongst themselves.

Wednesday, 3*d*. This morning, we leave the town of Carrack, after bidding adieu to the priest and the sheik, and, under the guidance of his son, we at once proceeded to the spot where we had landed our boats, &c., escorted by a party of Arabs belonging to our guide. We had not proceeded far from the town when this *sheik's son*, our guide,

began to covet every thing he saw; desired one to give him a splendid sword; another a beautiful rifle; and another a very handsome gold watch; and, when he found that it was not likely that he would get them as presents, he began to use threats that he would take them by force. But he soon found that a party of Americans were not to be trifled with. Our commander respectfully, yet firmly told him, that if he was not satisfied with his previous arrangement, he had better go back to Carrack again; that his services could be dispensed with. This spirited conduct seemed to have the desired effect; however, he refused to return. Whereupon, one of our party was ordered to ride immediately behind him and, in case of any sudden hostile movement on his part, to fire at his head at once. With faithful carbine then, and a steady and unerring aim, one of the resolute Americans rode close in his wake, with his blood up to the right pitch, finger on trigger; and every man had his eyes upon the movements of the whole party. This sheik's son was thus placed in a very critical position, his life hanging upon a very slender thread; the shadow of any hostility on his part, and, in one moment, his brains would have been

scattered upon his shoulders. He seemed to be aware of his position, and behaved prudently. About meridian, we arrived at our landing on the sea shore, without any further trouble with him, and got everything on board and the boats launched as quickly as possible, and bidding them an adieu, we moved off, sailing away before a beautiful breeze. The sheik's son, and his attendant Arabs, appeared alarmingly surprised, when they beheld us spreading our sails and flying away from them in such style; they had not seen a boat before, and they seemed to think that they had been acting as guides, saucy, impudent guides, to the gods, instead of men. They thought, it would seem, that we were too good a prize to let slip without another attempt at plunder; yes, they would commit any amount of sacrilege for gain; consequently, they followed us by land, so that, if possible, they could attack us by nightfall. Although they numbered three to our one, yet they saw we were much the best armed; consequently, their cowardly design to fall upon us by night. They, however, did not know where our encampment was, and, having to travel round the base of some extensive mountains and the sea coast, they lost sight of our track, and

we did not see any more of them that night, and arrived safely at our encampment. We think it prudent to remove our tents from this locality to a site more secure, if possible.

Thursday, May 4th. This morning, we remove our camp to the Wady of Zurken. Just before we started, we heard some firing on the mountains immediately over our heads, and soon ascertained, that it came from some of the sheik's son's party, from whom we considered ourselves very fortunate in escaping yesterday. One of their particular characteristics is that of *blood-thirstiness.* The site of our encampment, yesterday, was watered by a small river of fresh water emptying itself into the Dead Sea. Now we move onward for the Wady of Zurken, with a fine breeze from the south, and reach there about noon. Here, also, we discover a fine spring of good fresh water; it runs through this Wady and empties itself into the Dead Sea. The waters of this stream are very warm, and afforded us a most agreeable bath. During this day, we have made several interesting experiments in the "Dead Sea." Most of the men have bathed in its waters and found them remarkably buoyant, so that they float with perfect ease upon it, and

could pick a chicken or read a newspaper at pleasure while so floating; in fact, it was difficult to get below the surface.

Their sensations in the water were very agreeable, but, on coming out, they experienced a disagreeable and prickly feeling all over the surface of the skin, which was extremely annoying; the skin was also rendered tough and hard. An experiment with an ass and a horse was also made. They were separately led into the sea, and, when the water came in contact with the body of the animals, it was found heavier than the body itself, and, consequently, supported it upon the surface. The legs of the animals, being rendered useless, were brought upon the surface, and they were thrown upon their side, plunging and snorting, puzzled by their novel positions. To-day we also saw several additional streams of water which run into the Dead Sea; also, several patches of canes and bushes and several palm trees, growing immediately on the shores of the sea. We landed, about ten o'clock, to examine the beach to the south of Wady Zurken. The scenes of this day remind us of the current reports spread through

our own country, aye, almost through the world, that no vegetable life is seen around all the borders of the coast of the Dead Sea, and neither vegetable nor animal life within its vicinity.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Several dead birds picked up—Specimens of wood—Experiment with common salt—Current reports contradicted — Birds and insects on the shore—No living thing in the sea—Experiment with fish from salt streams—Experiment with fish from the Jordan—Analysis of common sea water—Analysis of Dead Sea water—Buoyancy of the water—Vespasian's experiments with slaves and culprits in the Dead Sea—Effect of this water on the skin—Experiment with a book—Dimensions—Level below the Mediterranean and the Sea of Galilee—Shores rarely visited —Height of mountains and depth of water—Cities of salt.

MAY 5TH.—*Friday.* Commenced another day's labor on the sea, and this morning, started on before it was yet daybreak, and leaving Wady Zurken, crossed over to "Ain Tererler," obtaining soundings as we went along. We were met by the party in the iron boat, about midway across, according to previous arrangement. We now pull for the opposite shore, then up to the mouth of the Jordan, and then back to the camp, to get soundings that way, and to take some important sketches along the shore. We complete our arrange-

ments and arrive at our camp about 10 A. M., having obtained satisfactory soundings and taken the desired sketches. We found several birds in the sea, which have probably been shot in their flight; we do not suppose that the effluvia arising from the sea had suffocated them; they appear to have been in the water some time, and are in a state of good preservation. Specimens of wood found here are also in an excellent state of preservation. We are told that this water has the power of preserving nearly everything that is cast into it. On casting some common salt, chloride of sodium, into the sea, we observed that it did not appear to dissolve, but retained its own character and bulk. It has been said that no bird can live through the vapors which arise from this sea, the common every-day evaporation, and that no bird can fly across it without forfeiting its life in the attempt. This we cannot substantiate, but, on the contrary, we saw *birds* frequently in the atmosphere over the sea, and, on several occasions, saw ducks, at their ease, swimming upon the waters; and, although there are, unquestionably, birds and insects upon the shores, yet we could not detect "*any living thing within the sea.*"

There are, we have before stated, several salt streams running into the Dead Sea, and mountain torrents. In the salt streams there are plenty of fish, which, when they are unfortunately carried into the Dead Sea by the stream, or caught in their own element by the experimentalist and thrown into it, at once expire and float. The same experiment was made and repeated at the mouth of the Jordan, with numbers of fish which we caught there, and cast into the sea; and nature, alike in both instances, immediately refused her life-supporting influence.

For a correct analysis of the Dead Sea water, from the recent experiments of our expedition, we must wait the publication of Lieut. Lynch's authorized report—a most valuable document.

Lavoisier gives us the following analysis of it:

Chloride of sodium	6.25
Muriated lime and muriated magnesia .	38.15
	44.40

which is a fraction over forty-four per cent. of saline matter. The above analysis, which is generally received as being pretty correct, will give some idea of its extraordinary buoyancy; there

being nearly forty-five grains or pounds of saline matter in every hundred grains or pounds of its water. Persons will, therefore, readily believe that when one tries to swim in it his legs are buoyed up to the surface of the water, which is a very uncomfortable position for a swimmer. It is not difficult to believe that one can float here, and comfortably read the newspaper, or convey his experiments to the pages of his note-book. Vespasian, we are told, brought a number of culprits here, and threw them in to see if they would drown; but they were no sooner cast into the water than they floated at pleasure upon the surface. After being in it some few hours it takes off all the skin and gives one the "miserables;" on washing in it, it spreads over the whole body a disagreeable oily substance, with a prickly, smarting sensation; and if you wish for any comfort at all afterwards, you may just take a leap into the smooth, pure waters of the Jordan, or in one of the rushing mountain torrents near by, and wash you thoroughly till you are entirely clear of it. A book, of a large octavo size, being dipped into this water either by accident or otherwise, resisted every attempt made to dry it. (I have subsequently seen it in the oven

of the ship's galley on several occasions, but without any permanent effect.) The extent of this sea has been differently estimated by various persons at different times. Josephus gives it seventy-two miles long and eighteen miles broad; Pliny says it measures one hundred miles long and twenty-five broad; and Diodorus says, according to his measurement, it is sixty-two miles long and only seven and a half broad. But in the present day, according to American mensuration, it is forty-four miles in length and eleven in breadth. It is further stated that it lies some 598 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea, and about sixty-three feet below the Sea of Galilee; what its exact level is at this day I have not correctly ascertained. Its shores are rarely visited, except by the wild Arab; and even he holds it in superstitious dread. The precipices which embank its western side, are on a level with the Mediterranean. The deepest part of the sea measures over or about eleven hundred feet. It is said that large cities, built entirely of salt, once stood upon the southern part of the great valley of the Dead Sea. Having thoroughly surveyed this deeply interesting locality, and sounded its waters from one extreme to the other, we now

stand on its banks with the whole picture of its bed and contents clearly delineated in our minds, and can imagine it two great sheets of consolidating water, the one about a thousand feet thick, and the other less than twenty, and both of them rolled upon the entrance to the immense sepulchre which holds not only families, or communities, but whole districts, yea, whole cities, in close custody, until the last great decisive day, when nations shall at one signal leap from their sepulchres and live. Could we but see an intelligent, moral, philosophic son of Sodom or of Gomorrah *now* rise from beneath this weighty seal, from the immense tomb below, uninjured by his long entombment, in flesh and blood, and clad in drapery, as blithe and clever as he was on the early dawn of the day preceding the fatal overthrow of his native city—could he not a tale of woe and grief to us unfold? We would listen while he told us of the mirth and jollity which prevailed, and of the scenes of pleasure and of profligacy which were holding in intense interest the souls of all who participated in them, and of the passing word of "foul weather" as the heavens lowered and the thunder rolled and rattled, as it were, beneath their feet, and the vivid flashes

of lightning which struck a feeling of momentary awe into the midst of their pleasurable assemblies, and of the rain-drops as they patted the windows of the house or the skylight of their theatres, then falling thicker and heavier, and the thunder rattling along to and fro, and the lurid lightning glaring with tenfold fury around them, until they shrieked and swooned, when they saw that its fire consumed everything it touched. 'Would he not tell us of relations and friends, all crowding together, seeking help, and shrieking to their gods, calling upon them to awake and save them: till the whole general flame burst forth and caught every house and temple, consuming men, women, and children,—withering the favorite fruit trees and flowers, despoiling alike orchard and garden; until the flames connected with the sister city, and one loud burst of thunder told the last man among the living on the spot, that the conflagration was swallowing up *cities* and *citizens* alike. Would he not tell us of the rain of God's wrath descending in torrents, and of the noise of the flames in their destructive fury, as time went on: till at last nature gave vent to an unnatural *shriek* of terror—if we may so speak—and the earth itself trembled, opened,

and "swallowed up the whole plain." The fire is extinguished, the last human cry for help has been uttered, the last wall has fallen, the flame has spent its fury, and the once "magnificent cities," with their vast population, are engulfed a thousand feet below the level of this extraordinary lake. The whole tragical affair then ceased, and on its surface, he would say, this lake of salt water lies to seal its awful doom. Might he not contrast the privileges of American people at the present day, with the state of things in Sodom and Gomorrah previous to the fatal overthrow? And before he left us, would he not, on the strength of his experience, with warmth and eloquence which would burn in his soul, conjure *us* to listen with believing attention to the precepts and truths of the Bible?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Arrangements for our return—Party leave for Jerusalem—Reducing the boats to fractions—The American flag flies over the sepulchre of the ill-fated cities—Visit to Convent of St. Sabea—Bagging our curiosities and specimens—Departure—A view of the flag from the surrounding mountain heights—Observations on the scenery—Dead Sea fruit or Sodom apple—Encamp on the desert in a large cave—Attention from the Monks—Surveying the route between the Dead Sea and the walls of Jerusalem—The banks of the Brook Kedron—Pitch our tents in the Valley of Ben Hinnom.

MAY 6TH. Saturday. Yesterday we finished our labors as far as sounding and surveying this body of water was concerned, and commenced taking the necessary measures for our removal from this locality, and return to the shores of the Mediterranean. We have taken the boats to pieces again, and packed them on the backs of the patient and enduring camel, to be thus transported back again to Joppa. Some of our party started yesterday, immediately after we landed on the beach, for Jerusalem, having finished our

duties as far as this sea is concerned. To-day we take the copper boat to pieces, and pack it upon its old traveling conveyance. A party left the camp this morning to measure the surrounding mountain heights, while we are at work in the camp. We are all glad to see the boat tumbling to pieces after having answered the purpose so well, while our hammers resound and echo among the neighboring heights, cheering us with their music. Everything is proceeding rapidly toward the close of our "pilgrimage in the east." Some of the men are using hammer and nails in erecting a staging, which our commander intends to anchor safely in the midst of the sea, and to hoist upon it the stars and stripes of our native land—America—to tell to whoever may hereafter visit these regions that fearless and enterprising Americans have won one more laurel to their country's pride: that they were the very first successfully to navigate the dangerous stream of the Jordan, from the lake of Tiberias down to the Dead Sea; which sea they have correctly surveyed and sounded, under the able command of Lieut. Lynch, A. D. 1848.

Tuesday, May 9th. This day, on a distant

spot in the sea, is securely anchored the staging erected for the flag-staff and the American national flag; and now the tall spar lifts it to the changing winds. The bonny flag floats gaily in the passing breeze, and, reflected upon by the sun, paints her colors upon that ocean, which covers the once beautiful plain, and magnificent cities of Sodom and of Gomorrah and all their then existing population. This being finished, the iron boat is now hauled on the beach, again to be reduced to fractions and packed on the camels' backs for transportation to the Syrian coast. Having finished thus much of our labor, a party now pay a visit to the Convent of St. Sabea, and in the evening return to the camp, accompanied by one of the resident Monks.

Wednesday, 10*th*. The surveying party leave the camp again this morning to finish their observations upon the surrounding mountains, while the remainder of the men are employed in procuring some Dead Sea water, and packing the curiosities and specimens obtained in this neighborhood secure for traveling, not forgetting the many pieces which they broke away from the monument called by the name of "Lot;" which is perpetuating, hand in hand with the Bible, the history of her deliberate

disobedience toward the power which destroyed her, and which overthrew both Sodom and Gomorrah.

Thursday, May 11th. To-day we commence our homeward march, rich in curiosities and specimens, and bid our last adieu to this region. In the commencement of our movements we have to scale a high and precipitous mountain to the distance of some fifteen hundred feet, and gain its brow, after much labor, about noon-day; from its summit we have a most commanding view of the whole scene of our interesting labors during the past week, and we take another, our last look at it: and while viewing the surrounding locality, our eyes are involuntarily drawn to an object in the midst of the sea—it is our glorious country's flag flying in the breeze: yes, the moon and the stars shall watch over it, and each successive rising sun shall concentrate its meridian light upon its floating splendor, and the combined elements shall surround it to welcome it as being the very first national flag that has ever floated on the surface of that sea, that was ever so planted upon the bosom of that most extraordinary body of salt water.

From this elevated position we observe the pre-

vailing barrenness of the shores of the Dead Sea. Here and there a few green spots appear; a few specimens of vegetable life; a few patches of canes, bushes and palm trees are to be seen—there also we can perceive the locality dotted by the tree bearing the Adam Apple, a small apple about the size of a cherry, which is well flavored when ripe—also the tree bearing what is called the "Dead Sea Fruit," or "Sodom Apple," several specimens of which have been secured by the expedition. The leaf is not unlike the laurel, the fruit grows in clusters somewhat in shape and size of an egg. As soon as it attains its maturity, it is frequently found that the inside of it has been entirely destroyed by insects, not even possessing the core of the fruit. In again examining the different localities of interest from this height, we are reminded of the myriads of insects and vermin, which are found there in such abundance. We here see flocks of birds flying over this sea's surface, and dancing merrily along through the sulphurous atmosphere.

Friday, 12*th*. After a dreadfully fatiguing march for the last two days, over the rugged, precipitous, and dangerous mountain passes, and over roads almost impassable, we this evening encamp alongside

the party who left us with the copper boat two days ago, and had encamped outside of the walls of the Convent of St. Sabea, in a large cave which affords excellent shelter from the summer heat. This convent is situated in the desert lying between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea, and on the banks of the famous Kedron Brook. From what I could learn on the spot, it appears that this convent was founded by an anchorite, A.D. 512; he was called St. Sabea, hence the present name of the convent. It is now occupied by about thirty Turks, who appear to treat every traveler with courtesy and attention. Formerly a large number of Monks were attached to this monastery, who sustained a uniformity of character, by acts of benevolence and charity; but they were attacked by the merciless Arabs, who slew such of them as unfortunately fell into their hands; since which time it has lost its original notoriety, attracting now only the casual notice of the passing traveler. The monks paid every attention to our party, in every case seeking to gratify their most minute manifestations of curiosity: among other things they showed us the four thousand skulls of those of their order slain by the blood-thirsty Arabs.

Their apartments are very clean, and tastefully decorated with paintings of various saints from the studio of a tolerably good artist. We pass our time very comfortably here, through Saturday and Sunday taking accurate surveys of the district which lies between us and Jerusalem, through which we have to pass.

Monday, May 13th. Having parted with our friends the Monks of St. Sabea, struck our tents, &c., we move off this morning by the banks of the Kedron, on our way to Jerusalem's hallowed city. One universal character of this district, is its prevailing barrenness and sterility, a thorough dreary waste; Tuesday evening we pitched our tents in the desolate vicinity of the walls of Jerusalem, in the valley of Ben Hinnom.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Encampment surrounded by Arabs &c., anxious to see the Americans—Their ideas of the purposes of the expedition—Remove our encampment—A visit to Jerusalem—An American Missionary—An adventure.

WEDNESDAY, 17TH. Being completely surrounded by a mob which had collected around us from motives of pure curiosity, we determined on seeking a new site, on a more retired spot; where, free from this annoyance, we might pitch our tents in safety. It is but natural to suppose that our presence caused a great degree of excitement amongst these people, from whom we differ so much in our mode of dress, general appearance and language. Even the sight of a Turk in full dress parading the streets of any town or city in America, creates a great sensation among a certain class of the community: how much, then, would the presence of a party of Americans, in their national costume, with their shaven chins, in the vicinity of Jerusalem

excite the curiosity of the natives. The instruments used in our surveying operations seemed to excite their admiration; they examined them with great care and attention, and were wonderfully pleased with them; they expressed themselves at a loss to know *what motive* could induce us to survey a land so very far from our own homes. More than once we heard the observation repeated, that our intention must be to connect the Mediterranean with the Dead Sea, by means of a canal. At length we removed to our new site and pitched our tents about two miles from the city walls and near to the Jaffa road. This being done we leave a party behind, and pay a visit to the sacred city of Jerusalem, while the remainder take a little rest which they so much need, from the harassing nature of the duties of the expedition.

Thursday, May 18th. Some of us have now obtained our long cherished wish of a footing within the gates of Jerusalem, the ever famous city of Palestine, the "most hallowed spot in the world;" a city presenting to the mind of the most distant part of the Christian world, continuous and important endearment, and more especially to him who, from their midst, walks its hallowed ground;

not that his mind may be overawed with the recollection of the successive disasters of its fate through the past, or with the scenes of its present ruins, which are scattered around him in his solitude; or the immense sacrifice of human life which has attended its seventeen overthrows; but from the recollection of those most important and wonderful transactions, which were here enacted connected with the plan of heaven for the salvation of mankind. While we are here, however, we must not allow our enthusiasm to carry us beyond the privileges allowed to foreigners and pilgrims. It would appear that when a party left our ship at Jaffa, to pay a visit to Jerusalem, some of them, approaching too near the Temple of the Holy Prophet, were severely beaten by the guard of soldiers, and taken as prisoners to the Judgment Hall, of which affair we give the particulars from the pen of one of the party so treated. "Having succeeded in finding a Rev. Mr. Breeze, an American Missionary, who very cheerfully and politely rendered us his services as guide, we set out on the afternoon of the 4th of April, to explore the city. We had been detained in doors all the forenoon on account of having to deposit the cash chest of the expedition with the consul; and during that

time had concocted a plan, which should as much as possible condense our rambles. We now go forth under the guidance of a missionary from our own land, wending our way towards Mount Zion, passing 'David's Tower,' which protects the 'Jaffa Gate,' and leading along, we arrive at 'Zion's Gate,' and from thence direct our steps towards 'Mount Moriah.' On our way we pause a few moments before the grand, the magnificent 'Mosque of Omar,' the most splendid pile of architecture within the Turkish Empire, standing on the site of Solomon's Temple, and possessing a part of that original foundation. From the different tiers we pick several stones, pocket them and escape with impunity. Our route now leads through long, narrow, dark and winding passages, surrounded altogether by high stone walls. Many of these intricate passages through which we passed, between 'Mount Moriah' and 'Mount Zion,' were nearly filled up with rubbish and ruins; crowned by the immense 'Cactus' or 'prickly pear.' We unexpectedly arrive before the 'Open Gateway of the Grand Mosque;' and here our musing spirits transfix us to the spot and treat us to a desultory history of the sacred place, upon whose boundary line we were now standing,

little suspecting what would soon befall us. We had not long enjoyed our silent cogitations, when we were pounced upon by some fifty Turkish soldiers, the protective guards of this 'Holy Temple:' they set upon beating us in the most shameful and disgraceful manner, with the sticks and clubs which they carried, in the name of the 'Holy Prophet,' calling us 'Christian dogs,' &c. &c. Being pounced upon in such an unexpected manner, we scarcely knew for the moment what tactics to adopt; we could not speak their language, and therefore could not reason with these savage fellows; all gesticulating demonstrations were unavailing, and their madness and fury increased as we parried their blows, in the boldest manner, retreating in martial order. Then again, we made a determined stand, and braved the war for a few moments. The savage clan now betook themselves to stones which lay scattered on the road, and opened upon us a regular 'bombardment,' which might have proved fatal to some of us had we been unacquainted with the military tactics of dodging. Our unfortunate missionary received a sad bruise from one of these well directed missives, hurled at us in the name of the Prophet Mahomet: he now crowds all sail, and

is scudding before this shower of 'holy stones,' like a bounding ship in a storm. As a matter of course we followed in order of retreat, and succeeded in distancing the enemy, coming up with our missionary friend, who found his progress somewhat difficult, having on a new pair of boots which exerted a painful effect upon his troublesome corns. In our haste, being followed by this file of soldiers, we steer a wrong course, and find ourselves brought up by a high stone wall; our pursuers actually yell with savage delight, and set upon us with renewed fury, kicking, whipping, stoning, and spitting upon us. When this rigorous scuffle had subsided a little, we uttered the name of 'Mustapha,' 'Pasha Mustapha,' and informed them by signs, we desired to be led thither. To this they readily agreed, probably desiring that their vigilance should be made known to him, and away we went. They took us up to the 'Judgment Hall,' still spending their violent anathemas upon us, inflicting sundry wounds and bruises upon our persons. We were now about to visit the spot where our blessed Saviour's trial took place so many years ago; and though we were now led thither in the character of prisoners, and under a strong and

malicious guard, still, we cherished the enthusiasm of pilgrims at holy pleasure or liberty, as we entered the chamber, for trial, which, we were told, was the one in which Pontius Pilate examined Christ. The 'Pasha' listened attentively to our defence, through one of his officers of the guard who spoke French, in which language we had informed him of our treatment &c.; and then as a matter of form reprimanded the soldiers, and excused their rashness and cruelty to us, on account of their entire ignorance of our harmless stroll. He then dismissed them from the Judgment Hall, where he again reposed at his ease on his splendid Turkish carpets, surrounded by his private arms, and busied with his immense and extraordinary pipe. He, however, as a mark of respect, ordered an orderly with his men to conduct us safe to our Beth Moshalem (our hotel). This we did not think at all needful, nor did we like the idea of it; but it was insisted on, and we were therefore hurried from the spot of the 'holy staircase,' which is called the 'Ecce Homo,' where Pontius Pilate exhibited Christ to the people, washing his hands of any participation in the condemnation. (See Matt. xxvii. 24.) We were led down the 'Via Dolorosa,' or 'way of

suffering'—so called from the fact of Christ being led this way to the scene of his crucifixion bearing his cross. At length we arrived at our residence, unable, as we were hurried along by our guards, to add to our investigations.

"We had no sooner arrived than the soldiers became clamorous for the 'bucksheesh;' we gladly paid it to get rid of them. Being once more at our ease, we could but muse o'er the strange occurrences of the past hours. Yes, we remember even now that we Christian dogs were guilty of looking upon the Holy Temple, and we shall never forget the bruises from the cowardly blows we received from this file of fifty Turkish soldiers: we could not, however, let the circumstance pass without following up an apparent contrast in our adventure, and in the distressing circumstances which preceded the summary execution of the Saviour of the world. We were kicked, stoned, and beaten near the same temple; led to the site of the same house for trial; probably the spot occupied by Mustapha at our trial was the same as that occupied by Pontius Pilate during the trial of Christ. Was there any great difference in the character of the High Tribunal? Those of old were Jews and

'heathen Romans;' of to-day 'Mussulmen,' fanatic adherents of Mahomet, sworn enemies and persecutors of the followers of Christ; their rank and occupation are similar. Those of old, Roman soldiers, 'scourged' and 'mocked.' Turkish soldiers of to-day: kicked, whipped, stoned and spit upon. Again a Roman governor had to condemn: A Turkish governor had to acquit: Roman soldiers led their victim to Golgotha, to the place of his cruel execution. A Moslem soldiery led us the same road, 'via dolorosa,' to our comfortable residence. How different, however, were the motives which led to such strikingly similar results. The Saviour of the world, to atone for man's transgressions; to redeem him from his natural depravity and its present and future consequences; and, reinstating him in the favor of God; give him spiritual comfort here, and full possession of everlasting happiness beyond the grave. We, to confirm our faith in Christianity, by beholding the undoubted scenes and places which he had deigned to tread, and to satisfy a feeling of religious curiosity."

This affray with the soldiers, uncomfortable as it was, gave them a sight of the interior of this building, which they would never have had other-

wise, as it is denied to the pilgrim and the foreigner unless he be a physician. The bruises they received, and the repairs in their broadcloth show the force of the blows that were dealt upon them; yet they count it all as nothing, compared with the pleasure it gave them in passing through the ordeal of a trial in the same vicinity, if not on the same spot as that where our Saviour's trial took place.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Ascend Mount of Olives—Tomb of the Holy Virgin—Garden of Gethsemane—Scene of the Betrayal—Jesus passing through Jerusalem to Mount of Olives—Scene of Ascension—Extensive view from the summit—Tomb of Absalom—The Holy Sepulchre—The monks and mammon—Tax on the Olive Trees in the Garden of Gethsemane—Pilgrims in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre—Church of Mount Calvary—Tale of the Indian Chief—Devotion of the pilgrims—The rent rock—The skull of Adam.

With the benefit of the information detailed in the last pages, we leave our Beth in order to reconnoitre the city and its suburbs; and, first of all, accompanied by a guide, bend our steps toward the majestic "Mount of Olives," whose towering summit seems to overtop every other object in this vicinity, and from whose highest peak, it is said that the Saviour of mankind ascended into heaven; we, therefore, with much anxious interest, pursue the pilgrim-beaten track toward its base and summit. We cross the Brook Kedron, whose waters roll into the bed of the Dead Sea, and, with the Bible in our hands, and its contents in part firmly

in our memory, we are prepared to enjoy the trip over this sacred acclivity. As we advance toward the "Garden of Gethsemane," we come to the "Tomb of the Holy Virgin," which we found to be so completely thronged with pilgrims that we could not get close to it. Service was being performed by the monks, and we reluctantly left, without the satisfaction of getting inside the building, hoping to pay a more fortunate visit before we left the city. About seventy yards higher, we reach the "Garden of Gethsemane," whither the Son of God, while clothed in the garb of mortality, often resorted, to hold communion with his Father in heaven. 'Twas here he endured his agony and "sweat, as it were, great drops of blood;" here he associated with his disciples "Peter, James, and John," and spent his nights in the constant exercise of urgent prayer; here was he cruelly betrayed by Judas, the disciple who afterwards, when he heard the rejoicings, the fiend-like rejoicings of the Roman soldiers, while they clattered down the declivity of Olivet with their prisoner, returned to this enclosure and hanged himself. The spot marked by the monks as being the place where the scene of the betrayal occurred, is walled off; it is about

four feet square and is called the accursed spot. On this Mount was it that Jesus, while he stood looking over the city of Jerusalem, "wept over it." He had seen the scenes of gaiety and of dissipation which rang within its walls and echoed in the mountains; he had passed through the thronged streets, when he had observed at one time, crowds of pleasure seekers all assembling together to join in the approaching carnival; he had passed through the midst of the many careless, dissipated promenaders, but being in the form of man, he passed them without their being able to recognize him as "the Son of God." They checked not their conversation, their sinful expressions fell fast from their lips and broke in sad accents upon his ear, not on a solitary occasion only, but every day; every day were the feelings of his soul wounded by the constant sinfulness of the multitude; and, as he retired from the city and ascended the acclivity of this mount, he stood on a commanding summit and gave vent to the intensity of his feelings. On another occasion, while he was visiting this mount, his disciples came privately to him, inquiring the signs which should precede his second coming, and of the end of the world. Matt. xxiv.

3. On another occasion, after he had finished the institution of the Lord's Supper, he retired, after the singing of a hymn, to his favorite resort, the Mount of Olives. Matt. xxvi. 3. And from the summit of this mount it is said that Jesus, after his most remarkable resurrection and appearance, or manifestation to his disciples, ascended up into heaven. In commemoration of which thrilling event, the Turks have raised a building of an octagon form, which is called the Church of the Ascension. In the rocky floor of this building is the impression of a human foot in the rock, said to be that of Christ's—left there at the time and by the effort of his ascension; formerly, there were two impressions here; one, however, has been cut away and deposited in the Church of St. John in Rome. From this summit you have one of the most magnificent and interesting views this world affords. There is, first, the Garden of Gethsemane, with all its endearing associations clustered around it; the whole of the city of Jerusalem, the very streets as well as the buildings and gates of the city; the "Valley of Jehoshaphat;" this is the sepulture of the Jews, full of dead men's bones, and thousands upon thousands who believe this to be the place of

the last resurrection, are secretly on their way thither, in order to lay their bones amongst their relative Jews: so anxious are they to accomplish this object, that if any of the party dies on the road, the survivors convey his *skull* at least to the great burial ground. Here they have discovered, of late, a new cave, vast in its dimensions and ghastly in its possessions; thousands of skulls are there, and, from remarks of professed phrenologists, they are supposed to be those of different nations. Then you see the beautiful valley of the Jordan, of so much interest to us, especially, and then, the plains of Jericho, its town long since in complete ruins; this part of our view brings to our memory the scenes among the thousands of devoted pilgrims on the 18th of April last. Further down, you see the "Dead Sea," the scene of our late operations; and also, Mount Nebo, from whose summit Moses looked over the promised land. In descending from this mount, on its western side, we pass by the Tomb of Absalom, the rebellious son of David; it is of solid stone, and was built by himself. To this day, the natives and pilgrims as they pass, throw a stone at it, uttering the curse of ancient date; "cursed eternally be he that rebelleth

against his parents." One part of this building is partly hidden by the accumulated heap of stones thus cast at it. Here is also the Tomb of Zechariah and of Jehoshaphat the king of Judah. And now, we visit the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at the base of this Mount, the great attraction for the millions of pilgrims which, from time to time, resolutely pursue their long and tedious pilgrimage from distant lands, to Jerusalem and the Jordan. The doors of the church are opened at stated hours through the day, every day alike, and as the set time draws near, immense crowds may be seen clustering round the door eager for admission; every succeeding minute tells them the time approaches nearer and nearer, and now they listen as they fancy there is a sound of movement inside, and, at length the bolts are drawn, and the door opened, when a tremendous rush is made, which threatens the sickly and weak among the crowd with an almost fatal crushing. Sometimes the old monk or guards will give one and another a severe blow on the head, as he anxiously makes way for the most respectably dressed parties to approach the altar, before the ragged pilgrims surround it. The old monk then carefully stands by to watch the amount

of his offering; if it is as much as he thinks he will be able to get from anybody else in the crowd, then he is *very* polite, and, pocketing the offering, leads the person round the church and explains everything to his entire satisfaction, it may be. But if the pilgrim approach the altar and sincerely offer all he can afford, in the "two mites which make a farthing," then the old monk cares not to explain to him that which the poor pilgrim longs to hear and know; after coming so many miles, enduring so many hardships, the old monk reverences not his honest, conscientious offering, nor his conscience either; the devout pilgrim may be poor, but he is none the less sincere. The keen eye of the monk is seen to twinkle, yea, sparkle upon the sound and much more upon the sight of the silver and the gold.

Let us follow the poor pilgrim then, as he anxiously listens to every word the money-loving monk speaks to others. He cares not that "the church is now in the divided possession of the Latins and Greeks," nor does he care about the spirited contention which has raged in other days about it; the sacred relics, which are shown in the church, attract his attention. There he stands, listening to hear, if he can, the monk's

explanation to the richer pilgrim. He stands by the Holy Sepulchre, he measures the length of the hollow space, six feet long, three feet wide, two feet deep, and notices that its lid is of the same rocky substance; and, while his thoughts are engaged on the scenes which transpired within it, referring to the resurrection morn, his lips quiver in the exercise of solemn prayer: he heeds not the mighty cylinder, seventy-two yards in diameter, which forms the vessel of the church, immediately over the spot on which he now stands. He hears their conversation on the subject of the few remaining olive trees in the Garden of Gethsemane, and notices the astonishment manifested by some when the old monk says that they pay a tax to the Pasha of about ten shillings sterling per year, and a certain portion of the fruit besides. He now observes to his poor brethren who are around him, that the light in the church is admitted only from the top of this large round opening, which he can scarce find a name for. Again he admires the appearance of the sepulchre, as it rises above the floor of the church, surmounted by a little steeple, and encased in stone work. He now eagerly follows in the wake of the richer ones, and hears the monkish

legend about the chapel built over "the stone where the angels sat on the morning of the resurrection;" he cares not for the fine damask cloth which covers the wall, he is thinking of the day and the scene. He has forgotten to take the measure of the "sepulchre" and to count the "lamps" which perpetually light it; and now he finds the measure is eight feet long and seven feet broad, and the lamps are fifty in number. The monk explains "that the sepulchre rises from the ground in consequence of the necessity of lowering the surrounding rock for the foundation of the church." And now they eagerly follow on to the "Church of Mount Calvary," within the same enclosure, and listen as some other monk, for in the crowd they have lost their position in relation to the first one, tells the affecting tale of the crucifixion. Tears flow fast from their eyes, and sobs and sighs break the silence of the moment. How much am I reminded by this scene of the Indian chief, the firm, resolute chief, who, under the persuasions of some of his friends, went to hear a clergyman preach. He went armed, of course, according to their unalterable laws and customs. He sat on the seat in the gallery of the church

and listened to the description, which the clergyman was giving, of the sufferings which Christ endured upon the cross; the stern old man sat with eyes and attention completely riveted. At length, the clergyman coming to that part of the proceedings where one of the soldiers (Longi) with his spear pierced the side of the suffering Saviour, he (the chief) uttered one sigh; then, seizing his spear and looking at it and balancing it in his hand, threw it right out of the window, breaking the glass in its way, and never would carry it again or see it, but left the ranks of the warrior and became a converted man. The pilgrims now lead on one after another, and other monks are seen in different groups, some Greek, others Latin, explaining each, in their own tongue, to those selected from the gathering crowd, the representations around them; while others of the priesthood are performing divine service and chanting the praises of him who was once crucified on this spot. From the Church of the Crucifixion we go on to that of the "Refinding of the Cross," and still find that the pilgrim listens and eagerly seeks explanation. Here, he is told, the people of those days buried the three crosses of the crucifixion morn in

a deep cavern or well, so that the sight of them might not exert any influence on the minds of the populace, that the people might forget all about the crucifixion of Christ. Here I observe another group of pilgrims, explaining, among themselves, the story of the manner in which the monks said the real cross was distinguished from the other two; and as he by gesticulation informs them that they touched the dead body of a woman with the *two*, but that no effect was produced, and on touching it with the *third* cross the body immediately lived, they all start back with fear and look at each other in profound amazement. They now follow on to the Chapel of "Longi," the soldier who pierced the Saviour's side with his spear, while he hung upon the cross, and afterwards repented and did penance here, for several years. Some of the pilgrims refuse to enter, while others yield to the persuasive beckoning of their friends and enter in. And now, another part of the building attracts their attention; it covers the spot where the cross stood. Here, thirteen little lamps burn perpetually. And now they cluster round and are admiring, with expressive emotions, and tears in their eyes, the silvered covering over the hole

where the cross stood. It is filled with an inscription; let us move into the midst of the crowd, and see what it is. It is an inscription in Greek, Psalm lxxiv. 12 v.; "*Here has God our king of old wrought salvation in the midst of the earth.*" The pilgrims are the subjects of much emotion around us. And now, when I stand off a little and think of the motive which actuates these conscientious, though poorly clad, people, to come so far from their homes, to bring with them their families, to be troubled on their pilgrimage with young children, mere infants, exposed to difficulties and to dangers not a few in crossing the deep sea and the high mountain, I cannot wonder that they are moved to tears and frantic expressions of joy, on beholding the representations of the facts so dear to their souls, on the very ground where they transpired. The monks now show us the rent in the rock which marked the moment of the execution; they tell us that Adam's skull was found here and that he rose with Christ from the dead. Matt. xxvii. v. 51, 2, 3. Here they also show the spot where Christ, on the resurrection morn, "appeared to Mary and to Mary Magdalene;" also, the graves of Melchisedec and of Joseph of Arimathea. One

impression produced upon our minds to-day is that no confidence can be placed in the legendary tales of the monks who do business on the Mount of Olives, and we are led to feel grateful that the Bible gives us information in reference to its most interesting associations. We now leave the pilgrims, who seem inclined to linger here awhile, and possessing ourselves of a few sacred relics, prepare to leave the enclosure of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. There are fifty-nine monks —thirty Greeks, fifteen Armenians, twelve Latins, two Coptics—constantly employed here and devoted to the work of the sanctuaries within these walls. They never go out of the enclosure, but receive their food through little sliding doors in the walls. They do an extensive trade here amongst the pilgrims in crosses and rosaries, and in imparting blessings to the visitors.

There are frequently thirty or forty thousand pilgrims in the city and they all visit the Holy Sepulchre. The Greeks now inhabit the southern and the Latins the north side of the building. Returning from Mount Olivet we enter our Beth, and retire for the night, taking the best care of

our precious relics, and collect together all we remember to have seen which we may not have had time to note at length in our memorandum book on the spot.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The cave of the Prophet Jeremiah—The field of blood—Mount of Evil Counsel—Pool of Siloam—Garden of Gethsemane—Dreary appearance of the country immediately round the walls of Jerusalem—A trip to Bethlehem—Interesting scenes on the road—Church of Marea—The stable, manger, &c.—Star in floor of stable, &c. &c.—Cave of the innocent children—Treatment of the good old Patriarchs—St. Philip's Well—Wilderness of St. John—Birthplace of St. John the Baptist—Return to our beth—Visit to Bethany—Pilgrims at Pool of Siloam.

We now leave the city through the gate on the western side, and are led into the cave in which the Prophet Jeremiah wrote his Lamentations. It measures thirty yards long, thirty yards broad, and about forty feet high. Then pass the upper and lower "Pools of Gihon," mentioned in Isaiah xxii. 9: and cross the "Valley of Ben Hinnom," leading along the base of Mount Zion, which also unites to the south-east with the "Valley of Jehoshaphat," the right side of which is full of catacombs. Upon the southern side of the city we visit the "Ackeldama" or "Potters' Field,"

Matt. xxvii. 3, 10; this field measures about ninety feet long and fifty broad. It was bought with the money which bribed Judas to the betrayal of his Lord, and is appropriated to the burial of strangers and pilgrims; the bodies are denied even a winding-sheet, and are let down through five openings in the top, where they are soon consumed, some say by the extraordinary quality of the ground; others, that they are destroyed by myriads of a species of field mouse, called "Faronis," which abound there. Near the Potters' Field is the "Mount of Evil Counsel," where the Jews met and determined if possible to crucify the Lord of Life and Glory. Near to this mount is shown a cave in which it is said that the disciples of our Lord hid themselves when he was taken prisoner by the soldiers in the Garden of Gethsemane. On the western side of Jerusalem the Brook Kedron runs, and winding round the southern base of Mount Olivet, winds its course in the direction of St. Sabea and the Dead Sea. Proceeding up the western bank of Kedron we are shown the "oak tree," which, even yet, marks the spot where the Prophet Isaiah was sawn in pieces at the order of the tyrant Manasseh. About

forty yards further is the "Pool of Siloam;" John the Evangelist calls our attention to this Pool in recording a miracle performed here on the eyes of the "blind man;" fifteen steps lead down to its vaulted cave, and twelve smaller ones lead to its waters, which are some two feet deep; they are supplied from an artificial opening, and pass into another basin, fifteen yards long, eight feet wide, and nine deep: from whence they water the "Valley of Tophet," mentioned in Jeremiah vii. 31, 34; xix. 1, 13; and 2 Kings xxiii. 12. About forty yards further is Maria's Well, eighty steps lead down to its waters; we were anxious to go and taste them, but a suspicious looking Turk standing below we did not like the risk. Further north you behold the high east wall of the city in which was placed the "Golden Gate," now filled up with stones; it led to the Grand Mosque, "Sakarah." The east side of Kedron is bounded by the acclivities of Mount Olivet: on its south-west stands the village of Siloam, and along the valley run the continuation of the catacombs in which the Jews bury their dead up to this day. We are close by the Garden of Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives, which, enwalled, is 160 feet square; eight olive

trees, said to be from the time of our Saviour, still stand here. We are now shown the spot of "Christ's Agony," where he sat when he "wept over the city," the spot where he taught the "Lord's Prayer," where the "cursed olive tree" stood, and where Judas hanged himself. From this sacred spot to the village of Siloam runs the Valley of Jehoshaphat, mentioned Joel iii. 12. To the north side of Jerusalem are the mountains of Pisgah, and Kedron's bed, on its way to the Dead Sea, which is distant three hours in a straight line, but occupies the traveler six hours in reaching it.

We must now turn our attention from Jerusalem with the notice of a strange and exciting fact, that in consequence of the depredations committed by the blood-thirsty Arab, no house or farm is seen in the close neighborhood outside the walls.

After reconnoitering, we mounted our horses for a ride to Bethlehem: our road lay over rocky and barren ground. The "Valley of Rephaim," in which the Philistines encamped, runs along to our left, 2 Samuel xxiii. 14. We are now in a district of much interest. The house of Simeon is pointed out to us, and the tree affording shelter to the infant Jesus and his mother; then the "Well

of the Wise Men" over which "the Star" appeared; and the "Tomb of Rachel," Genesis xxxv. 19. Here is shown a chapel built over the spot where the "Angel appeared to the Shepherds," and their dwellings are at hand; close to these is the well from which "three of the thirty chiefs broke through a multitude of the Philistine army and brought water for their King David," recorded in 2 Samuel, xxiii. 14, 16. Close to the "Tomb of Rachel" is a field strewn with stones of the form and size of a pea, hence called pea-stones. Tradition says that these stones were originally a crop of peas, belonging to a farmer who refused food to the Holy Virgin: her curse rested on the field, its crop was turned to stones, and its fertility destroyed; passing travelers and pilgrims generally dismount here and search for these interesting relics. Close to this field is shown the place where "the Angel of God slew the army of Sennacherib" —185,000 men. At length Bethlehem is in sight, standing upon a hill running east and west, containing about a hundred mean habitations, and about six hundred men able to carry arms, part Turks, part Christians. Here we are surrounded by ruins, which bespeak the visitation of some

severe calamity. The Christians here live by the sale of small crosses, beads, models of the different sanctuaries, &c., made of wood, date kernels and pearl shell. To the east of Bethlehem you behold, from the "Convent of the Franciscans," part of the River Jordan and the whole of the Dead Sea; to the south-east the "Mount of Tekoah," the native place of the Prophet Amos, then the Desert of Engeddi on which we have encamped, and the Mount of the Franks, to which the Christians repaired on their expulsion from Jerusalem, and held and defended it for forty years. Within the walls of this convent stands the church of "Marea" the mother of our Saviour, and beneath it is the cave or stable in which Christ was born. This is the oldest church in all Palestine: here is shown, by a marble slab on the floor, the spot where the birth occurred: the manger also in which the "Lord of Lords" was cradled. Yes, though we can scarcely realize it, yet we are here in "Bethlehem of Judea," close by the very birthplace where "God became man and dwelt with us." Who can stand here, that has ever read his Bible, without feelings of deep emotion, as he casts the eye of his mind hastily over some of

the principal incidents recorded there of his life whilst among men and enemies? There is the altar of the three wise men, and on the floor is a star agreeing with the position of the "bright star in the east." This cave or stable is thirty-nine feet long, eleven broad and nine high, its sides and floor are covered with marble, and it is perpetually lighted by means of thirty-two small lamps; it is adorned by many pictures by Jacob Palma and Raphael: here is also an organ whose sombre sounds are called forth during the daily services performed here. Adjoining this cave is another hewn in the same rock, containing the remains of the "Innocent children" who were slain by "Herod," when "he sought the young Child's life." In a third cave Hieronymus translated the Old Testament, and here he also was buried in a fourth cave. A chapel is built over the cave of the innocent children, which joins the main church. We were politely treated by the good old patriarchs, who offered us seats and invited us to coffee; and now, after examining the extent of the convent, we left, having possessed ourselves of several strings of beads and little memorandas of having visited the birthplace of Christ—the "stable" of Scripture

history. We were also shown a cave in which Mary hid herself when Herod became furious for the life of "the Child;" the very dust of which cave is held sacred by the natives, and is thought to possess important medicinal virtues. In an hour's ride homeward we come to the well of St. Philip, in the waters of which "he baptized the eunuch," Acts viii.; close at hand is Philip's Village. From hence over a steep mountain you reach the "Wilderness of St. John," and although in part cultivated, yet it is a dreary and desolate wilderness indeed. All is silence: no chirrup of birds, no bleating of flocks, no tinkling of the camel's bell, spreads itself through the atmosphere: but a monotonous silence prevails around us. The desert rocks are gray-headed, as though suffering from the inroads of time. Here we are shown the cave in which St. John lived his hermit's life, it is close by a well of pure water. From here stretches along the "Valley of Oaks," to the Convent of St. John; this valley is that so memorable for the combat between David and Goliah. The Convent contains fourteen Spanish Monks, and within its walls is shown the birth-place of St. John the Baptist. Before we

reach the city we are shown the hole where the tree stood of which the Cross was made. In half an hour we enter the Bethlehem Gate of the city of Jerusalem, outside the wall to the west of Mount Calvary, over Mount Gihon, and then pass the Damascus Gate through the Judgment Gate, to our rendezvous. . .

After a night's rest, we commence our pilgrimage to Bethany; our way leads through St. Stephen's Gate, outside of which St. Stephen was stoned, over Kedron, past Mary's Tomb and Gethsemane, whose sacred enclosure we cannot pass without again entering it, and we find it difficult to tear ourselves away from it: but we are obliged to advance. Being tired of the saddle, we are to-day on foot. We now move on from the Mount of Olives, and cut down as many olive branches as our party can well dispose of, for walking-canes, descend its western base, and soon come into the road that leads to Bethany; passing the "Mount of Offence," where Solomon offered to Ramosh and Moloch, 1 Kings xi. 7. Met with several natural caves on our way, and after an hour reached Bethany. It is a small village, mean in appearance, peopled by Arabs. We now anxiously visit the

house of "Martha," "Mary," and "Lazarus:" and then we are conducted to that of "Simon the leper." At the entrance to the village stands a Turkish Mosque, and close by it stands Lazarus's Tomb, hewn in a solid rock; thirty-two steps lead down to the entrance, whose steep descent is dangerous. An old beggar woman sits permanently at the entrance, with a bunch of matches and a torch, ready to show the pilgrim the interior of the dark abode, the very spot where Christ issued his potent command to the dead which lay there entombed.

The command of our Saviour, "*Lazarus, come forth,*" still sounded in our ears as we silently walked to and fro by the light of the flaming torch, cogitating over the original scenes at the grave of Lazarus. We now return from this very interesting locality with a few pieces of rock from inside the tomb in our pockets. We were often delighted beyond measure as we trod in the actual footsteps of Christ, whether on the mountain or in the tomb; and oft thought on our friends so far from us, wishing that they could but accompany us. Having reached the village of Siloam, Luke xiii. 4, we crossed Kedron, and revisited the "pools" of

Siloam: met here many pilgrims, who lingered about the famous tree of which we have before made mention. By degrees we moved on, distressed by the heat of the weather, till we arrived at our beth in the city, when we wound up the day with a recapitulation of its animating scenes, conversing on our safe and fortunate travels thus far, and venturing to think on our homes, and those whom we had left behind in the "far off west."

CHAPTER XL.

Return to the encampment—Commence our march—Plain of Sharon—David's Brook—Meet with some Englishmen—Arrive at Ramlah, the ancient Arimathea—Convent of the Franciscans—Proceeding to Jaffa—Take a stroll round the town—Population—Climate—Return to the hotel—Commence operations on the boats—The surveying party arrive.

MAY 22D.—*Monday.* We are again amongst our own encampment, without the walls of the city, about two miles on the Jaffa road, and have much to speak of in relation to the scenes of the city. To-day the surveying party leave the camp to complete their labors here: surveying the route up to the shores of the Mediterranean. The remainder of the men are employed in striking tents, and packing up all their utensils, specimens and curiosities, preparatory to our return from the East. Toward meridian we had nearly completed our labors, and shortly afterwards commenced our march, steering for the shores of the Mediterranean. We came up with the surveying party just

before sundown, and encamped near to an Arab town, the name of which I forget. After talking over the proceedings of the past day, and completing our necessary arrangements for the morrow, we retired to rest, once more reposing beneath our tents on our homeward-bound march.

Tuesday, May 23d. This morning moved off very early in search of the persons who had charge of the camels and boats; we traveled amongst the rocky and barren mountains of Judea. After passing several Arab towns—amongst them that of "Abu-gosh," under the government of the famous chief and outlaw of that name—we left the rugged pass of the Judean mountains, and entered upon the enchanting plain of Sharon, which extends from the base of these Judean mountains to the borders of the Mediterranean. It is one vast garden of every variety of beautiful flowers: red and white roses, dwarf tulips, white and yellow lilies, are the most abundant; we do not wonder that it is called by many, "the Garden of Paradise." Shortly after entering this beautiful plain, we halted beneath the shade of olive trees a short distance from an Arab village, from which place we were supplied with fresh milk by

an Arabian girl, to whom we gave the small, yet to her, welcome consideration of a few piastres (piastre, five cents). Previous to our entering this plain we crossed the brook from whence David picked the stones he used in his memorable combat with the Philistine champion. After a short rest, we proceeded on our route at a rapid rate: our horses having been refreshed during our halt, as well as ourselves, and being now upon good ground, showed us how cheerfully they could travel under favorable circumstances, while their conduct over the almost impassable mountain gorges showed their patient enduring spirit.

One hour's ride from the base of this mountain, brought us to a "khan," or house built by the roadside for the accommodation of travelers: here was a well of excellent water at which our horses drank: here we met a party of English travelers, two gentlemen and two ladies, on their way to the hallowed city. We were highly gratified with meeting with persons who, in our own tongue, so graciously saluted us. We continue our journey, and shortly after leaving this house we pass several caravans "en route" for Jerusalem. We came up to Ramlah, the ancient Arimathea, about noon, and

halted before the convent of the order of Franciscans. Here we were kindly received by the monks, who generously furnished us with a good dinner and fed our horses with excellent provender: we halted for a little rest, and then recommenced our journey towards Jaffa, arriving before the gates of that town a little in advance of sunset. Entering the city we halted at the house of the American Consul, who very kindly received and lodged us, and informed us that our party with the camels and boats had safely arrived there, and were in good quarters.

Wednesday, May 24th. This morning we went to look at the boats and inquire into the condition of the party. It seems they had an uninterrupted journey, no party of Arabs menacing an attack upon them; the roads over which they had traveled had been desperately rocky, mountainous, and really dangerous, so that with difficulty they had advanced thus far. We then went to have a look at the boats, and found them in a condition which made us almost despair of ever being able to put them together again, they had been so severely bruised in coming over the mountain rocks, and in the narrow gorges through which they must needs

pass. On finishing our examination of the boats we reconnoitered the city: lemons and water-melons of a superior quality are the boast of Jaffa. The town has obtained celebrity in modern times, by the siege, capture and massacre of its garrison by Bonaparte. It contains at this date, 1848, five thousand souls, six hundred of whom are Christians; its commerce chiefly consists in grain, particularly rice from Egypt, and in the exportation of soap and cotton: the former is made of olive oil and ashes. It is believed, yea, credibly asserted, that Jaffa existed before the flood, and is the city where Noah built his Ark, and the place of his previous residence. From hence Jonah embarked for Tarshish, when he was thrown overboard and caught up by a whale. It is the port used by all the kings of Judah to connect the city of Jerusalem with all foreign people; it has a beautiful climate and stands in the midst of a fine country; the orange groves are the finest on the shores of the Mediterranean. We now returned to our rendezvous, much gratified with our "walks about town," and found a little amusement in the house during the remainder of the day. The apartments appropriated as our sleeping rooms were very comfortable, and our

daily meals were served up at the only hotel in the place, and that a very poor one.

Thursday, May 25th. Commence operations on the boats, and think it probable, with much labor and skill, that we can so put them together that they may be of some future service.

Monday, May 29th. Our surveying party reach us to-day, having performed their duties in the most perfect manner. They took up their residence at the country-seat of the American Consul, which he had generously prepared for them and for us. Here we all resort, and take up our permanent abode.

CHAPTER XLI.

Embark at Jaffa on board a Turkish brig, and sail for St. Jean de Acre—Anchor near Mount Carmel—Cæsarea—Accident to Charles Homer—Meet with the Sheerif of Acre—Sail for Beyrout —Sisters of Charity—Nazareth—Historical recollections of Nazareth—Mount Tabor—Scene of the Transfiguration—The three altars—Convent—Church of the Annunciation—The table on which the Saviour dined with his disciples—Remarks—The pilgrim in Nazareth.

By this time, 6th of June, we have succeeded in getting the boats in tolerable order. We make all necessary arrangements and embark, with some of our men under Captain Lynch and Mr. Aulic, with our boats, tents, and all our "traps," on board a Turkish brig, for St. Jean D'Acre; whilst a small party of our officers, men, and interpreters, leave us to make the trip to Acre by land. The Turkish brig arrived next evening, and came to anchor in sight of Mount Carmel. This Mount Carmel is a flattened cone two thousand feet high, extending east to the plain of Jezreel, the great battle-ground of nations, and south to the

ancient Cæsarea. (Cæsarea does not now exist, and not a single inhabitant is to be found where the stately city of Herod stood, and where Paul pleaded his cause so eloquently before King Agrippa.) Whilst lying at anchor here we learned that one of our men, Charles Homer, with the land party under Lieut. Dale, Messrs. Lynch, jr., and Bedlowe, and their interpreter, had met with a severe accident from the discharge of his carbine, or fowling-piece, when twelve buck-shot entered his right arm, lacerating it in a dreadful manner.

Wednesday, June 7th. Went on shore at Acre to-day, and met the Sheerif and our Arabian friends who had accompanied us to the Dead Sea. They paid us their hearty congratulations upon our safe arrival and the successful management of the interests of the expedition.

Here we met our party, and we learned the particulars of the accident from the lips of the wounded man—the discharge of his fowling piece occurred while on horseback, and was purely accidental. The moment the extent of the injury was ascertained, the most prompt measures were adopted in order to relieve the sufferer: they rode on to Acre for medical aid, and found a surgeon in the uniform

of a Turkish soldier, who attended very skillfully to the wound. It was at once thought amputation would be necessary, but subsequently, the arm was pronounced in a fair way of recovery; we then removed the wounded man on board the vessel, and set sail once more for Beyrout, with Messrs. Aulic and Bedlowe, leaving behind us our Commander and Lieut. Dale and men, to visit Balbec, Damascus, and Nazareth, to which places we were to send information of the wounded man's condition, the moment any important change should take place.

On our arrival at Beyrout, we landed and took up our residence at the Hotel Bellevue, until we could find better accommodation for the sufferer. Here we secured the services of a French surgeon, by whose advice we removed him the next day to the residence of the Sisters of Charity. These Sisters of Charity are French ladies, sent here by the French government to attend on the sick who may be sent to this hospital; and they perform their duties in the most benevolent and praiseworthy manner; nor did they lack one iota in their attendance upon the unfortunate American. It is said that during the raging of the Cholera here,

the Sisters of Charity are the only persons to be found administering to the wants of the *plague-smitten.*

Friday, June 9th. To-day we take intelligence to our party at Nazareth, of the probable speedy recovery of the wounded man; two or three men stay behind with him, and have also charge of the boats till we return.

Nazareth, the abode of our Lord during his childhood, is a beautiful place and contains about three thousand souls—it is located in a circular basin enclosed by *mountains.* It seems, as Richardson says, as if fifteen mountains met here to form an enclosure for this beautiful spot: they rise round it, he says, like the ledge of a shell, as if to guard it from intrusion.

The vicinity is a rich and luxuriant field in the midst of barren mountains, and abounds in figs, small gardens, and hedges of the prickly pear, the rich dense grass forming an abundant pasture. The inhabitants are industrious. The Turkish population is about five hundred. The remainder are Christians of the Greek, Greek-Catholic, Maronite, and Roman Catholic persuasions. When the French invaded Syria, Nazareth

was occupied by some six or eight hundred men, whose advanced posts were at Tabaria and Szaffad. Two hours from hence is the plain of Esdraelon, near the village of Foule. General Kleber sustained, with a corps not exceeding fifteen hundred men, the attack of the whole Syrian army, amounting, it is said, to twenty-five thousand men. Having formed his battalion into a square, he fought from sunrise to midday, until they had expended nearly all their ammunition. Bonaparte, informed of his perilous condition, then advanced to his support with six hundred men; at the sight of whom the Turks, panic-stricken, took precipitately to flight; several thousands were killed, and many drowned in the river Daboury, which then inundated part of the plain. Bonaparte dined at Nazareth, and then returned to Acre.

After the retreat of the French from Acre, Djezzar Pasha resolved on causing all the Christians in his dominions to be *massacred*, and had actually sent orders to that effect to Nazareth and Jerusalem. But Sir Sydney Smith, on being apprised of his intentions, sent him word, that if a single Christian head should fall, *he* would bombard Acre, and set it on fire. Sir Sydney's inter-

ference is still remembered with heartfelt gratitude by all the Christians, who look upon him as their deliverer. "His word," says Burkhardt, "I have often heard both Turk and Christian exclaim, was like God's word—it never failed."

On the great plain of Esdraelon is Mount Tabor. It stands perfectly isolated, rising alone from the plain in a round tapering form like a truncated cone, to the height of some three thousand feet, covered with trees, grass and wild flowers, from the base to its summit, and presenting the combination so rarely found in natural scenes—of the bold and the beautiful. This Mount Tabor is recognized as the scene of our Saviour's transfiguration. It was here "Jesus took Peter, and James, and John his brother, apart," and gave them a glimpse of his glory before his death—when "his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light—and a voice out of the clouds was heard, saying, This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." Within the walls of an old fortress is a ruined grotto with three altars, built, as Peter had proposed, one for Christ, one for Moses, and one for Elias, where once a year the monks of the convent and all the Christians

of Nazareth, ascending in solemn procession, offer adoration and praise to the Saviour of the world. The top of the mountain is of oval form, about half a mile long, and encompassed by a wall built by Josephus when he was governor of Galilee: within this enclosure is a table of luxuriant grass and wild flowers.

In Nazareth, the "Mosque," with its minaret, is the most conspicuous object, and next to that, the convent. There is a Greek church built, as the Greeks say, over the place where the angel Gabriel appeared to the Holy Virgin, and announced to her the birth of a son, "of whose kingdom there should be no end." Then the fountain, where it is said the Virgin was in the habit of going for water. The convent here is one of the largest in the Holy Land. In this city there is no lack of holy places. The Church of the Annunciation, within the walls of the convent, next to the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, is the finest in the Holy Land. It has two organs, and the walls and pillars are hung with red damask. Beneath the principal altar is the kitchen, parlor and bed-room apartments of the house of Joseph and Mary; in front of the altar are two granite columns, showing the

spots where the Angel and the Virgin stood at the time of the annunciation; one of them is broken off from below, and the upper part hangs, it is said, by a miracle to the roof. This miraculous pillar is celebrated all over Galilee, for its virtues in curing diseases. Outside the convent are the workshops where Joseph worked at the carpenter's bench, and the synagogue where Christ, by reading the book of the prophet Isaiah, and applying to himself the words of the prophet, so offended the Jews, that they thrust him out of the city at once. Here, also, the table is shown on which Jesus dined with his disciples, both before and after his resurrection. This may or may not be so: one thing is certain, this is the Nazareth, the city in which Jesus Christ was brought up, where he lived during the early part of his life, so that one felt in a measure secure from the many impositions of the monks. Here were the very streets in which he walked—and the mountains on which he had often looked—the place where each rising and setting sun had attracted his attention—the same brilliant canopy which was spread over his head. Once here and the pilgrim would feel an inward satisfaction of identity in these things, which

he could scarcely feel among the many sites pointed out to him by the monks in the city of Jerusalem; here he could feel that he breathed almost the same pure atmosphere which fed the lungs of the Saviour of the world, so many years ago, and which assisted him to hold converse with his relations after the flesh, and with the Jews; yea, he could often fancy that he not only saw his form of man, but actually heard his voice issuing from the carpenter shop, and in his expoundings in the synagogue.

CHAPTER XLII.

Arrive at Damascus—Description of the city—Emperor Julian's opinion of the city—The effect of its appearance upon the Prophet Mahomet—Historical recollections of Damascus—Hospital for lepers—Tomb of Noah—Arrive at Baalbec—Description of Baalbec—Its magnificent ruins—Its ponderous stones—The scruple—Leave Baalbec and arrive at Beyrout—Sickness of the party.

AFTER a long and weary march we at length arrived at the great city, the city of Damascus, which the Emperor Julian called "the City of Jupiter," and "the Eye of the East." It is situated on an even plain, and surrounded by a succession of olive groves, and gardens, generally enclosed by walls of sunburnt bricks, and surrounded and irrigated by delightful streamlets, partly natural and partly artificial. The city has ever been a theme of praise. The Emperor Julian, in his letter to Serapion, says, that this city of Damascus excels all others for the grandeur of its temples, the mildness of its climate, the excellency of its fountains, the multitude of its streams, and the fertility of its soil. So charming

was the sight to the Prophet Mahomet, that when he viewed it from the mountain Salehiyah, two miles west of the plain, and one thousand feet above the city, he was so delighted with the prospect, that he forebore coming into it lest he should forget his proper business, and make it his *paradise.* This, we think, is somewhat the language of an extravagant imagination.

There is, however, something enchanting in the view from Salehiyah of the immediate vicinity of the city. It is, however, derived from the verdure of foliage, varying from the deepest shade to the slightest tint of green, together with the bright sun and the cloudless sky which illuminate the scenery of an Eastern world, and so long as the verdure of the fields remains unchanged, diffuse throughout the landscape a charm unknown in countries where a dense and hazy atmosphere abounds. Damascus is a city of the greatest antiquity, being at least as early as the days of *Abraham*, if not still more ancient. While the cities of Nineveh and Babylon, and many others, have become desolate, and have disappeared, this city still remains populous, respectable and wealthy. It has well survived the

desolations of war, and has twice risen to be the capital of a powerful state.

It is encompassed with ramparts, now in a ruinous condition, and contains some five hundred large and magnificent houses or palaces. Its walls are about one and a half leagues in circumference. The mosques and chapels are very numerous—the ancient cathedral is one worthy of attention. The population is variously estimated, and Mr. Brown places it at 200,000 souls. The Christians were computed at 12,000 by some, by others at 20,000, and the Jews 2 to 3,000. The Greek patriarch resides here, and has under him forty-two archbishops and bishops. The bazaars of Damascus are numerous and large; each class of mechanics and merchants has its own bazaar. They are said to be more elegant and airy, and better lighted than those of Cairo and Constantinople. The streets are narrow, and consequently well shaded from the sun. The street called *Straight*, in Acts ix. 11, still exists under that appellation, as it leads direct from the gate to the palace of the Pasha. Here you are conducted to the spot where they say Adam was created, and are shown the red earth of the plain of which his body was composed; the spot also where

Cain buried Abel; the place where Abraham defeated the four kings, and that where Elisha anointed Hazael; the hospital built for lepers by Naaman, the Syrian; the house of Ananias; the cave of the seven sleepers; the tomb of Noah, and many other wonderful spots, both ante and post-diluvian. Next to Jerusalem itself Damascus is venerated both by Christians and Mahometans, all around it being hallowed ground. Its chief manufactures are a kind of stuff made of silk, mixed with cotton, with which all Syria is supplied; cutlery ware of steel and gold; shoes and boots; military accoutrements and damasks.

We will now pass on, and ask the reader's attention to the Valley of Baalbec, which is situate to the north-west of Damascus, between Libanus and Antilibanus. Baalbec, from the Greek Heliopolis, signifies "city of the sun." It was once a considerable place, particularly in the days of Pagan idolatry, but is now a miserable village of about one hundred families, having been overthrown by an earthquake in the year 1751, at which time it contained a population of some 5000 persons.

Though now a place of no political or commercial importance, yet the magnificent ruins of its temple

still arrest the attention of every traveler who visits this region:—what astonishes travelers above all at Baalbec is, the magnitude of the *stones* employed in building this imposing edifice; so vast are they that the ignorant natives attribute the erection to the devil; here is the accurate measurement of some three stones—one is sixty-three feet long, the other two are sixty feet each by as many broad and as many thick; and in the quarry from whence these stones were taken, there still remains one entirely hewn, sixty-eight feet long, seventeen feet eight inches wide, and thirteen feet ten inches thick; but the bottom of this enormous stone still remained attached to the rock. There were two other stones on the south-west angle of the wall—one sixty-seven feet long, fourteen broad, and nine thick; the other sixty-four feet long—also a third stone of about the same dimensions; there are also seven large stones in the north wall, though not so colossal as those already described: other stones in the south-west wall measured ten paces long, sixteen feet broad, and six feet thick. These are, perhaps, the most ponderous masses that ever were moved by a body of men into a building, and here they appear

to have been very leisurely laid on a height of some twenty or thirty feet above the foundation.

Dr. Richardson, who has traveled for a length of time in the East, says: "Indeed, I am not acquainted with any building except this where we can find stones the half or even the fourth of the above dimensions. In the pyramids of Egypt," he continues, "we saw stones (one or two) eighteen feet long; and at Koum-Ombas, we measured one twenty-three feet long; but these are mere occasional blocks introduced for purposes of particular security. A whole wall, or a whole building of near four hundred feet aside, constructed of stones of some thirty to sixty feet long, is something more than Cyclopean; the labors of a Hercules were but a joke to this!" It is thought that this building was originally Jewish, and the work of Solomon, but that it was rebuilt at a subsequent period, and that the second builders, while raising another structure upon the old foundations, in order that the whole might appear of one date, cut a new surface on the old stones. However correct this may be, the present temple was the work of Antoninus Pius, in the middle of the second century; the workmanship of the inte-

rior and the northern outside wall is evidently Roman, and the style of the architecture Corinthian. To the north and south of this stupendous pile are two others, one of which remains unfinished, and half an hour from the city are the ruins of another very fine temple. The workmanship of all these buildings is without any visible cement whatever, yet so closely are the stones joined together that the blade of a knife cannot be inserted between them. Notwithstanding the extraordinary magnificence of these ruins, the Temple of Baalbec is scarcely mentioned by the Greek and Roman writers.

It had been the intention of our party to have pushed their researches further on this trip than Nazareth, Damascus, and Baalbec, but on account of sickness it was judged more judicious to return; consequently, we steered for Beyrout, where on the 1st July, we arrived safely; nearly the whole party were sick and worn out by constant traveling. We joined the small party left here in charge of the boats, and of the wounded man at the Hotel Bellevue, in daily expectation of the arrival of the ship Supply, in which we hoped for a safe return to our native shores.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Preparing for Embarkation—Doings on the Fourth of July at Beyrout—Anticipation of the arrival of the U. S. ship Supply—Health of Lieut. Dale—Disappointment in the delay of ship—Lieut. Dale's health rapidly declines—He expires—Is embalmed and buried in Beyrout—A French brig chartered—Sail for Malta.

We now arrange and mark all our specimens and curiosities and baggage, having all ready to embark as soon as the ship should arrive.

On the 4th of July, the anniversary of American Independence, we participated in the rejoicings of our friends at home; in the morning we fired a national salute and unfurled and hoisted the "stars and stripes" of the republican world. The respective Consuls residing at Beyrout, joined with us in the celebration of this anniversary, and from their different dwellings hoisted their national flags. It was indeed gratifying to a party of toil-worn Americans to see the flags of all nations floating so gaily in the breeze, commemorating with them an

event so interesting to them and to their friends in this far distant part of the world.

We may be accused of a degree of partiality, but we must say that we thought that the stars and stripes played more freely in the prevailing breeze and looked more cheerful and gay than any of the many which floated around it.

We forgot for the time, our "little aches and pains," and felt merry, while those who were seriously sick amongst us appeared cheerful and strong; all joined soul and voice in the rejoicings of the day, responding to the liberal sentiments of every true American.

We now give ourselves to repose—to quietude and rest; the sick are partially recovering, and our souls are buoyant with the hope and the prospect of returning safely to our homes and friends. Three of the party, Lieut. Dale, George Overstock and Harry Loveland, continue sick, and our fears are beginning to be excited as to the result; still, we hope for the best, and every day with our telescope are anxiously scanning the horizon in hopes of getting a glimpse of the expedition ship which shall relieve us from some part of our present anxieties. The day at length arrives when the

ship, according to her orders, *ought* to be here at anchor, but, as yet her colors cannot be seen flying in the breeze, or painting the colorless atmosphere in the neighborhood of Beyrout; day and *week* pass by, but she does not appear; our anxiety increases—she was set apart for our own use entirely, and she had an express copy of orders, yet does not appear: we fear some evil has befallen her; all our watching avails nothing save to increase our desires and add to our already burdened minds. The two men are almost recovered, but the third patient, Captain Lynch's most valuable officer, Lieut. Dale, cannot be pronounced convalescent—all possible care and attention, the very best nursing, the utmost skill, avail nothing; his physical energies seem to droop and weaken with every succeeding setting sun; his frequent inquiries after the ship bespeak the intense anxiety he feels to be once more afloat in her on his way to his happy and cheerful home. We think that a change of air, scenery, and society might restore his failing constitution; but every day we are doomed to disappointment, the ship does not arrive—disease seems to make sure her hold upon the physical vitality of our valuable and esteemed officer, the

generous and the brave; and on his account every member of the Expedition feels tenfold anxiety for the arrival of *the* ship. Day after day passed until the latter end of July, when, still doomed to disappointment, to sorrow and grief, while the languishing patient became more and more feeble; and, at length, before the end of the month, uttering his fond expectation of the ship's arrival, he *expired*—far, far from the dwellings of his anxious friends and family. Here, in the distant East were we called upon to perform toward him the last and most painful duty of man toward his fellow man—and commit his body to the tomb. It had been the intention of our commander to have brought the *mortal remains* of one of the most humane and generous officers of the U. S. Navy to the the home of his friends. The necessary steps were taken, the body embalmed, and actually prepared for the voyage, but popular superstition prevented its being brought away, and it was consequently committed to the tomb, within the jurisdiction of Beyrout. All the Expedition men marched in order to the mournful spot, with their carbines; and the officers with their side-arms; the men fired a volley over the grave, and then mournfully and

sad returned to their quarters. No sooner were the funeral obsequies performed than pen, ink and paper were in requisition to convey the sad intelligence to the bereaved family. The Expedition having performed thus much of its painful duties, and thus closing its otherwise successful operations in the East, determined to wait no longer for the approach of their own ship; consequently arrangements were made with the captain of a French brig which was lying here (waiting for a cargo from the interior of the country) to convey the Expedition to Malta, as soon as possible to hasten them away from this unfriendly clime, rather than risk the sacrifice of life in waiting the arrival of our own vessel.

July 31*st.* And now the embarkation commences—boxes of specimens and curiosities, bags of seeds, crates, barrels of Jordan and Dead Sea water, oxen from Damascus, birds from Palestine, the Expedition boats, two large cases of *mummies*, &c. &c.

The necessary provisions and water being shipped on 31st July, Monday, the Expedition mustered on board and moved off to sea, leaving behind them the remains of one who, by his conduct under all circumstances, had won the confidence of all.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Put in at Rhodes, after a tedious passage—Historical recollections—Its fruits and wines—Its condition under the Turks—The city—The port—The Colossus—Her illustrious sons—Population—Once more under weigh—Wearisome passage to the island of Cyprus—Remarks on the island of Cyprus—Fruits and flowers, &c.—The inhabitants—Historical recollections—Nicosia Larnica—Citium—Salamis—Under weigh for Malta.

As soon as we had put to sea, we discovered that we were on board of a very dull sailer; she rolled about like a tub, making scarcely any headway at all. A very long passage was evidently to be our lot; we had also a head wind to beat against and some eleven hundred miles to make. Our accommodations were extremely uncomfortable; we continued, however, to make some progress and at last reached the island of Rhodes, where we put in for water and provisions. This is one of the islands off the coast of Asia Minor which are so famous for classical recollections. Every rock has its history, every island its age of renown; its

classical gods, its deified heroes and its men of genius. Not one among this chain of islands, but what has been the theme of history, and the subject of song. Amongst them this island of Rhodes stands prominent. None of all the Grecian islands, nor even all of them put together, made so great a political figure as this.

It originally abounded in serpents, hence its name Ophiusa in the Greek, or "land of serpents." It is only eight miles from the continent, and possesses a genial clime, a clear sky and a fruitful soil. No day, it is said, passes without sunshine; hence the sun was poetically represented as being in love with Rhodes. It formerly produced all sorts of delicious fruits, and wines of so excellent a flavor that they were deemed, according to Virgil, "fit only for the immortals." The Romans drank them chiefly in their second courses after meals, or offered them in libations to the gods. In these respects, however, it has lost its ancient fame, since it came under Turkish dominion; and an island which might be the granary of all those in its vicinity, is now dependent upon importations for a considerable part of its consumption. It is deficient also in olives, and the crop of cotton

raised is barely sufficient for home demand. Its exportation of wines, figs and other fruits is considerable.

Ever since the time of the great Solyman, 1522, this island has been the residence of a Pasha, invested with absolute power, both civil and military. The city was once nine miles in circuit; but is now only three. It presents an agreeable mixture of gardens, domes, towers and churches; and the fortress is one of the strongest in the Ottoman Empire. The port, which is large and commodious, is commanded at the entrance by two rocks on which stand two towers. There is another port divided from this by a mole running obliquely into the sea, and is called the inner harbor. On this inner harbor stood the famous Colossus, of bronze, seventy cubits high, and the legs of which were fifty feet asunder, so that ships could pass between them. This island is deservedly famous for the number of names, illustrious in arts and sciences, which it produced; as Apollonius, Rhodius the poet, Protogenes the painter; Charus, the architect of the Colossus; the celebrated comedian Aristophanes, who made so great a figure at Athens; and many

others. The whole population of the island is estimated at about 20,000.

Once more our expedition embark on board the French vessel, and having obtained water and provisions, again set sail, with the prospect of a long and tedious passage to Malta. At all events we once more hoist our sails to the breeze and succeed in making sometimes one, sometimes two or three knots per hour. The passage, therefore, becomes wearisome and tedious, day after day, night after night, until by determined perseverance we at length reach the vicinity of the island of Cyprus, and are again obliged to run into port for provisions and provender.

On this island there is very much to interest the observing mind and the retentive memory—the association of ideas in this classical district helps to while away the time occupied by wearying calms and head winds, and gives a cheerfulness to the general monotony of a

"Life on the ocean wave."

In the recollections from the history of this island, there is much to interest the traveler in prospect of letting go his anchor in her harbors;

it is the third in magnitude in the Mediterranean; it is one hundred and sixty miles from N.E. to S. W., and eighty at its broadest part. On this island are two chains of mountains, lofty, and covered with snow during winter. They run from east to west. The level parts to the south of these ranges are thus excluded from the influence of north and west winds, which alone bring with them any portion of coolness; and it is exposed completely to the burning "siroccos," which blow from the sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia. In the winter the cold is intense, owing to the winds that blow from the snow-covered mountains in the interior. Copper is here found abundantly. This metal being found in so great abundance, and called "æs cyprium," is supposed to have been the foundation of the name (Cyprus) of the island: it was once called "Acamis," "Macaria," and "Acrosa," then "Collinia." It is said to have once produced gold, silver, and emeralds. Red jasper and amber are also productions of Cyprus. The slopes of her mountains are thickly clad with forests of oak, pine, Cyprus beach and elm, together with groves of olives and plantations of mulberry. Myrtles, various evergreens, and in-

numerable sweet scented flowers, abound here; also hyacinths, anemones, ranunculuses, the single and double-flowered narcissus grow spontaneously, and deck the hill slopes, the valleys, and the plains, giving the country the appearance of an immense flower garden, and regaling the sense of smell with delightful odors. The vegetable productions are vines, olives, cotton, lemons, oranges, apricots, and others congenial to the climate and soil. The red and white wines of Cyprus have always been held in deserved esteem; they are supposed to be matured at forty years old, kept in casks. The sugar canes have not attained their former abundance since they had all been burnt by a Turkish pacha. The silk of Cyprus is of two kinds, white and yellow. Game abounds on this island, as partridges, quails, woodcocks and snipes. Foxes and hares, also, and many kinds of serpents, especially the "asp," whose venomous bite is said to have caused the death of "*Cleopatra the infamous.*"

All kinds of domestic animals and fowls abound here; and the natives boast that the produce of every land will not only flourish here, but attain

its highest point of perfection. Cyprus is noted for its manufacture of *printed cottons*, carpets and leather. The inhabitants of Cyprus are still a fine-looking race.

This island once contained nine kingdoms, and more than one million of inhabitants, but it has sadly dwindled under the pressure of the Turkish yoke. The population is now about eighty-three thousand souls. In the time of the Lusignans it contained twelve provinces, twelve cities and eight hundred and five villages, besides cities of inferior note. Cyprus has been successively subjected by the Persians, Macedonians, Egyptians and Romans: during the time of the Crusades it was conquered by Richard of England, "the Lion Hearted," and given by him to Guy-de-Lusignan, titular King of Jerusalem, as an indemnity for the loss of that place. It was resigned to the Venetians A. D. 1473, from whom the Turks took it in 1570, and still hold it. The capital of the island is Nicosia, situate on a noble plain, bounded by lofty mountains, near the centre of the island. It makes a fine appearance when seen from a distance, its numerous spires and minarets rising

amidst and overtopping the trees. The chief ornament of the city is the fine cathedral of "Sancta Sophia," which overtops all the other buildings of the town; the district belonging to it was called, by Ovid, "the most fertile in the island;" and its copper is said to be the best in the *world*. It contains two thousand Turkish, and one thousand Greek families, besides a few Armenians and Maronite Catholics.

The ancient palace of the Lusignan dynasty still remains, and is the abode of the Moutsellim.

Larnica, near the ancient Citium, and the native place of Zeno, the father of the "Stoic philosophy," is the second town in the island, the emporium of its commerce, and the abode of all the foreign consuls, with a population of five thousand souls. The adjacent cape is still called Chitti, and on it are recognized the ruins of *Citium*, in heaps of tumuli and hillocks of rubbish, from which are often dug medals. The ancient Salamis, once the chief city of the island, and the residence of the great "Eragoras," has long ceased to exist, an inundation of the sea having swept it away. These are some of the interesting particulars con-

nected with this island, from which we have now received water and food for ourselves and for the animals, fowls, &c., belonging to the expedition. This part of our business having been completed, we are again under weigh for Malta, still keeping an anxious look-out, if, perchance, we may see our ship bound up to the coast of Syria.

CHAPTER XLV.

Arrival at the Island of Malta—Quarantine—American colors descried in the offing—Arrival of the ship from Beyrout—Congratulations—Embark on board—Water and provisions—Towed to sea by a French steamer—Appalling accident—Off Mount Etna—Speak a French steamer—Messina—Scenery in Strait of Messina—Reggio—Whirlpools—Earthquake—Palermo.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1ST. Baffling winds and calms continue to plague us, and now we feel that every knot is "so much" on our homeward trip. Day after day flies past, the same sky is over us, the same water around us, the sun, moon, and stars, each in their turn, are peeping upon us. One continuous monotony prevails on board.

September 6th. After thirty-six days from Beyrout, we reached the island of Malta, and rejoiced in the consummation of this long and dreary passage; calling a pilot on board, we were guided into the quarantine harbor, and after the necessary arrangements at the Lazaretto were made, we disembarked our effects, and then gave ourselves

to repose, awaiting the news of our *ship*. The American consul has already informed us that the Supply sailed hence for Beyrout, with the anxious hope of arriving in time to "pick up" the expedition party, on the 9th of August, with a fair breeze which has continued up to this time: she probably made a quick passage upward, the wind still prevailing from the west, but we expect she will make a longer passage down.

Monday, September 11th. We have been here in the dull and dreary quarantine buildings for five days, and to-day we observed signals at the look-out, which indicate the approach of a government vessel from the eastward. We immediately brought the telescope to bear upon it, and by its help discovered that she carried American colors, and was, in reality, the very ship whose non-appearance on the coast of Syria had caused us so much anxiety. As soon as she came up, we manned our boat, wearing our Turkish uniform caps (crimson, with large blue silk tassel, fitting close to the head), and pulled alongside. One interesting greeting prevailed on both sides; all right happy to meet once more, after so important an absence. Being still in quarantine,

we could not venture on board the ship until more deliberate arrangements could be made.

Tuesday, 12*th*. It appeared that the ship had been detained on the coasts of Spain and Italy, in utter disregard of the positive orders given by our commander, at whose absolute discretion she had been properly placed. The result of that wanton negligence is in part already known.

She sailed from Spezzia on the 3d of August, calling at Malta on the 9th, on her way to Beyrout, where she arrived on the 21st. She at once communicated with the Consul, and on learning the painful news of the death of Lieut. Dale, and the extreme anxiety of the expedition, she seemed to "quiver with a sense of culpability," and immediately tacked about on her return to Malta, where she arrived after a passage of twenty-one days.

We are now under sailing orders, and with all possible haste shall embark the effects belonging to the expedition on board the ship Supply, and at once put to sea.

Wednesday, *September* 13*th*. The bustle consequent on our embarkation has subsided. The cases of mummies are carefully stowed "'tween decks," with a cargo of specimens and curiosities,

both animate and inanimate. The men and officers are all on board. Three animating cheers from "all hands" welcomed the return of Lieut. Lynch, as he once more stepped on deck amongst them. One general salute takes place amongst the officers, and one universal shaking of hands, and "how d'ye do, old fellow," occurs between the men and their old companions of the forecastle. Excitement prevails "fore and aft."

This morning the captain of a French mail steamer lying in this harbor politely tenders his services, offering to tow us out to sea. Those services are as politely accepted, and under the direction of proper officers, our hawsers are "payed out" for the purpose.

The steamer, on her way out, ran into a passenger boat, which was in a most daring manner attempting to cross her bows; when both came into collision, and she was capsized, and about twenty persons thrown into the water. Immediately all the boats of the steamer were lowered, and ours were sent to the distressing scene, by whose united exertions all hands were saved. The American ship made up the loss of the sunken cargo. The collision was unavoidable on the part of the steamer,

in consequence of her position regarding the rocks and our ship. The man steering the boat was alone to blame for his fool-hardiness. The steamer very properly dropped her anchor until the cause of the disaster had been investigated, while we lay fast to the outer buoy. The matter settled, we took advantage of a breeze, slipped from the buoy, and hoisting our sails, are once more under weigh for the shores of the West.

Thursday, September 14. We are off Mount Etna in a calm, and really feel glad of it, as it gives us an opportunity of beholding this wonderful mountain to some advantage. At one time it is enveloped in a thick cloud, stretching from East to West, but at sunset this cloud passes away, and the scene is really most enchanting—so mellow, so beautiful, so indescribably splendid. A black cloud now seems to hover over the smoking crater; it is surrounded by a variety of clouds, all beautifully tinged with Sol's departing rays. The black spot upon the summit is carried away in the upspringing breeze, and the jutting smoke is seen to arise from the crater with distinctness. But it is soon lost in the prevailing blue sky above it. Regularly at intervals of three and a half minutes a volume of smoke

shoots upward from its summit. It measures some 1100 feet high, and its base is about 120 miles in circumference.

The breeze springing up brings a change over the face of the whole scene, and threatens us with a storm.

We are desirous of making the Straits of Messina, to seek the Commodore. We espy a French steamship coming down. We fired a gun: she came to us. We inquired of the captain if he was there. He replied that "he was not, but was at Naples." This was cheering news to such of our party as had never seen "Stromboli," "Palermo," and "Vesuvius," for we are now bound for Naples.

Friday, September 15th. Being abreast of Messina, we see the battle ships at anchor, and find that the noise and din of the late conflict has scarcely subsided. The citizens had been fighting from house to house against the King of Naples, who a few weeks since had quietly landed five thousand men in their town for hostile purposes, when they were immediately surrounded by the citizens and cut off to a man.

On either side the Straits of Messina are mountains of all sizes, cultivated almost to their summit;

and here and there the "waterways" guide the stormy torrent from the mountain top. The hills and valleys are alike endraperied with fruitfulness and beauty; the wide spreading vine creeps about like a thing of life, clinging from branch to branch of the immediate tree.

It is now just daybreak, and the smoke from the chimneys of the dwellings bespeaks the early habits of the citizens.

These straits are the location of the famous whirlpools of Charybdis and Scilla, and they divide Sicily and Italy.

On the Italian side is the district of Calabria, whence the Appenines stretch along in their course towards the Alps in Switzerland; also the town of Reggio on the sea coast. It is well fortified. It is said that there is no place on record where so much destruction of human life and comfort has occurred. The meaning of the term Reggio is tearing, and it has been rent asunder by earthquakes, and depopulated almost to the last man by pestilence and by the sword.

In the earthquake of 1780, one thousand four hundred and fifty men were drowned in these straits, by

the precipitate retreat of a mountain on which they were assembled. This mountain was thrown from its rocky foundation into the waters by the agonizing throbs of surrounding nature. The great castle opposite to Charybdis was destroyed; and so great was the motion of the water, that ships' guns were thrown overboard from their carriages.

This was once the central port for all the merchants from amongst the Phœnicians, Syrians, Assyrians, Tyrians, Egyptians, and Grecians. The surrounding district is well cultivated; orange groves, olive and vineyards, and fruit orchards, attract the traveler's attention.

I observe some mountain torrents walled on both sides, where the water rushes downward from the mountain top, and hides itself in the sea or strait. Here is also the famous Scylla, rising about two hundred feet from the level of the water.

On the Sicilian side is the town of Messina, and a little round the coast is the city of Palermo, stretching itself over one of the richest plains in the world. This strait is remarkable for having the tide ebb and flow every six hours, though but seven miles long.

The force of the whirlpools is often sufficient to

whirl round the largest ships, even when they have a tolerable breeze.

The Sicilian coast presents a series of fortifications, although of a temporary construction. The guns by which they are mounted seem to be well planted, and capable of doing much mischief. The soldiers stand by them, match in hand.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Stromboli—Sodom and Gomorrah—Mount Vesuvius—Pompeii—Clouds of Birds Emigrating—At anchor under Vesuvius—Dates of most extraordinary Eruptions—Its base populous—Remarks—Leave Naples—Sunset—Water-spout

SEPTEMBER 16. Stromboli is reported in sight; and from the deck we can see the summit of a tall mountain, with a column of smoke rising still upward, and vanishing amidst the atmosphere. This is old Stromboli, which commenced burning 229 years B.C. From minute observation it is satisfactorily ascertained that a bursting column of smoke is emitted from its summit every seven minutes during the summer, and still more frequently during the winter. Its "continual flame" has subsided, and it is no longer the "great lighthouse of the Mediterranean Sea." Stromboli is the most northern and eastern of all the Lipari islands, and rises to the height of three thousand feet. We observe, the crater from whence the smoke issues is about two-thirds its height. On the southern

side it has the appearance of the remains of a crater *once* active; on the northern side there appears to be a deep gutter running down from the top to the waters of the sea which surrounds it. The general surface is rough, and dotted with small green patches; near the base are sprinkled a number of huts, inhabited by fishermen. We are now drawing near to the city of Naples, and hope to have a view of the blazing splendor of Mount Vesuvius.

Some suppose that the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah was the result of some volcanic eruption, and refer to the overthrow of Pompeii and Herculaneum, with whose fate every reader is somewhat conversant; that, after the destruction of the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, the river Jordan, and the several other streams and torrents continued to flow in their usual course, and filling up the cavity made by the attendant earthquake, thus formed the bed of the Dead Sea, into which they continue to flow, and from whence their waters escape only by evaporation. From this opinion, however, many persons dissent.

September 18. Mount Vesuvius in sight, and the city of Naples, and the many little islands

which deck the famous "Bay of Naples." Vesuvius is enveloped in a dark cloud of smoke; the daylight is too bright for us to be able to see her flames; we will then patiently wait till the shades of evening come over us, and then will she shine forth in her brightness and splendor.

I feel a desire to descend into the city of Pompeii, and walk her streets, to peep into her houses, to examine her public buildings, to see the human forms which, in different attitudes of escaping, are found throughout the entombed city; to possess the scorched scroll and book, the ornaments and curiosities of the day of its prosperity; some of the coins once current among the citizens, the accumulation of which made them think themselves rich. I want some of its musical and some of its chirurgical instruments; to see its apothecaries' establishments, and to walk through its hospitals and its dungeons. I want some skeletons which had fallen into the hands of its once skilful surgeons and professed anatomists; some of its specimens of malformation; some specimens of its statuary and of its arms. But I fear that I may not be able even to get ashore, partly in consequence of the quarantine laws, and on account of our being

homeward bound, and extremely anxious to avoid any delay.

At sunset this evening our attention was arrested by the extraordinary motion of a cloud, which was darker than any other part of the sky in that direction. It moved first this way and then that, and assumed different forms; it drew near to us, traveling faster than any other cloud appeared to do. At length it passed over us, and we found it to be an innumerable army of birds. Of what kind they were we could not ascertain; they flew towards the darker part of the sky, and we lost sight of them.

Tuesday, September 19th. At length we are at anchor alongside Mount Vesuvius. We came into the bay last night, and we have had a treat. Vesuvius is worth her reputation, and the Bay of Naples deserves its fame. I trod the deck all night, looking upon the jutting flames, which poured a flood of light from the top of this volcanic mountain; its liquid fire rolled down the sides of it until lost in the ashes and cinders with which it came in contact.

The first eruption of which we have any account occurred A.D. 79. Pliny the Elder saw its com-

mencement, and stood looking at it with amazement, until he was overcome with the sulphurous atmosphere, and was buried in a shower of ashes. The destruction of Pompeii must have been a grand, an almost indescribable scene. The streets of Pompeii and of Herculaneum were paved with lava; and they were destroyed by the present eruption, so that previous to this there must have been some similar development. The most important eruptions of Vesuvius are those of A.D. 79, 203, 472, 512, 685, 998, 1036, 1306, 1631, 1730, 1760, and 1779. In the eruption of 1730, the summit of the mountain rose considerably higher, and became more pointed. But, notwithstanding all these awful visitations, the base of the mountain is the residence of a comparatively large population. The people do not seem to care for the torrents of burning lava which are every day, more or less, rolling down its sides, and settling over their heads, as it does in some cases; and they have become so familiar with its flames, that they settle down here as comfortably as though they were as far off Vesuvius as New York is, and as safe from its overflowing fire. The vine creeps along the mountain side, and is extremely pro-

ductive. One would suppose, from the descriptions we have of the eruptions of this most extraordinary mountain, that every vestige of vegetable life was perfectly extinct, and that men would never dare to build a house, at least, within cannon shot of its base. But, although it has sent up a flame of liquid transparent fire to the amazing height of ten thousand feet, and has thrown from amidst its fire showers of stones, and pieces of scoria weighing one hundred pounds and more, and some measuring 108 feet in circumference and 17 feet in height, and casting these huge masses full a quarter of a mile clear of the crater; although the brightness of its flame has alarmed persons at a distance of thirty miles from it, and caused them to suppose that the city of Naples, the home of their friends, was enveloped in one grand destructive conflagration; and covered cities with ashes, choking up their streets, and charging the whole surrounding atmosphere with sulphurous smoke, which threatened suffocation in adjacent towns: yet, in spite of all this, and more, men build their houses and cultivate their gardens, eat, drink, and be merry, upon its very base, while

Pompeii and Herculaneum lie entombed at their feet, specimens of its destructive power.

The Commodore has left Naples, and we tack ship and make sail, steering for the West.

No going ashore here; no climbing up the rough peak of Vesuvius; no pleasure of rambling among her ashes, cinders, and lumps of lava—no, not for one hour; no visit to the city of Pompeii; but I have just received a little present, and it is from that city—a piece of stone from one of the buildings; it has the appearance of having been burnt; it is really from the spot, and this is all, all I can get. The original stone has been divided and subdivided; this must satisfy me. All that I wanted of that city before, I want now.

We are tacking ship and leaving, perhaps forever, the beautiful bay and city of Naples, the cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and that Vesuvius, whose wonderful doings has spread terror and dread, destruction and death around her; on these our last lingering look is spent; Vesuvius is lost in the distance; we shall see her no more.

The departing rays of old Sol as he dips below the western horizon, tinge every neighboring cloud

with the varied hues of the crimson, the salmon and the straw color, through the endless variety of forms which they assume, and impart life and gaiety to the scene—every little cloud adds its particles of splendor, and the vast airy amphitheatre spreads its expanding wings to the distant North and South —showing in its beautiful combination of colors and forms one of the most splendid sunsets man ever beheld.

Wednesday, September 20th.—This morning we were startled by the orders of the officer of the deck to "batten down all the hatches," "clue up sails," "and cover skylights." It was a beautiful morning, consequently these orders startled all those who were below. I jumped from my seat and was quickly on deck. The sky was clear, but there was an immense "water-spout" a little way from us, and hence these precautionary measures: it appeared to be about two or three hundred feet in length, and to be gliding along on the surface of the sea as it were suspended from a low rainy looking cloud, and carrying up an immense stream of water from the drizzly vapor, into which it seemed to be dissolved, or by which it was mysteriously

united to the sea, causing a slight rushing noise to be heard. Fortunately for us it did not come very near the ship—I had never seen a water-spout before, but have understood that they are ofttimes as destructive as the violent hurricane.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Marseilles—Pratique Office—Egyptian Mameluke—Attractions in Marseilles—Water-spouts—Off Malaga—Sails in sight—The old Dutchman—Gibraltar quarantine—Homeward bound—Canary Islands—Mummies a joke at midnight—Busy scene amongst the Expedition men—Jordan water—Dead Sea water—Parrots—Fire a gun for a pilot—Pilot on board—Navigation of the ship—No quarantine laws—Dash goes the anchor—Conclusion.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29TH. Last night we ran into Toulon, under stress of weather: this morning we arrived at Marseilles, and are safely anchored in the Quarantine harbor. Dr. Thornly and Mr. Aulic, passed midshipman, have been to the Pratique office, and have brought off letters for the ship's company. We are in quarantine and have the sanidads on board, one of whom is an Egyptian Mameluke—he has served in the battles of Napoleon, and shows five battle wounds.

Monday, Oct. 2d. Having taken water and provisions on board, we leave Marseilles, and hasten

on our homeward passage; all hands are extremely anxious to get *home.*

Marseilles presents many attractive scenes to the stranger; but, at this date, we are all careless of any other attractions than those which the American shores offer to us. I have before this visited Marseilles, and have been highly delighted with it. Napoleon's triumphal arch; the Cemetery; the spot where the numerous victims of the cholera were buried; its catacombs, churches and suburbs, have all interested me aforetime, but now we are getting impatient to see the shores of our native land, and would not wish a moment's delay to have a second view of them, even if we were not in quarantine.

Wednesday, 4th. Another display of several beautiful water-spouts, at a safe distance: here, we hear not the rushing sound of the water, nor can we distinctly see the drizzly vapor where the immense tubes connect the sea and the clouds together, but they form a most beautiful scene; every man on deck is looking over the ship's side at them, full of pleasurable excitement. It has been a day full of such scenes; no less than twenty-one of these phenomena have been seen by us, draining

the Mediterranean, this day; they were all suspended from a ridge of dark clouds, beneath which, ridge was a bright and clear sky, upon which the water-spouts had the appearance of so many high and well rounded marble pillars propping the heavens.

Saturday, 14*th*. To-day we are off Malaga, wind ahead; some fifty sail are now around us, and we all want to get down to Gibraltar; but for several days we have been about this spot. The distance we gain in the day, we lose at night, from the current, which, like the wind, is hard against us, and runs some three or four knots per hour; we are tired of seeing Malaga under these circumstances, but still it is a very exciting scene to be among so many vessels, all, as it were, racing to get ahead, and to show off to advantage. Most of these vessels are laden with fruit from Malaga, and bound for the different ports in the Atlantic; we must mention one very exciting scene which, amongst many others, occurred while we were off Malaga. A Dutchman, in his haste, defied the regulations of the maritime laws; our vessels were on opposite tacks, and coming hard upon one point *he* tried to force *us* to lose ground; but in this he

was mistaken; our ship was kept up in her proper course, not giving way for him, and being much the heaviest, the Dutchman thought it would not do for him to run the risk of being run down; still he doggedly persisted in keeping his vessel bearing on to us; a collision seemed inevitable; all hands on board our ship were ordered off the forecastle, where the exciting affair had drawn them, lest they might be thrown overboard by the anticipated shock: each moment was full of anxiety; till the old Dutchman, finding the American ship up to the mark, flew back to his wheel and "put about" in all possible haste, passing us certainly within twelve inches; he was a sturdy looking old fellow, and in his rage, cursed us as he passed, muttering something about "*Pork* and *Molasses*."

Saturday, 21*st*. At length we are at anchor in Gibraltar Bay, and again in quarantine, not having ridden out our quarantine term of some fifteen days at Marseilles or Malta. We have no "clean bill of health," consequently, like other vessels from the East, we are again subjected to these laws; they are necessary, but still they are very irksome. Here we are welcomed by the consul, and the few friends who choose to come alongside

the ship; we get on board provisions and water, and our letters, and then stand out of the Bay waiting a breeze to carry us up this extraordinary current, into the far stretching Atlantic.

"Homeward bound" is the cry, which gladdens all human hearts on board, except those of the Mummies. Every man is nerved by this animating consideration, to meet the worst of weather, the heaviest of storms: they are laying new plans for the future; confessing themselves tired to death of "a life on the ocean wave."

Sunday, November 5th This day we are off Palma, one of the Canary islands, to the North of Ferro; it has a town of the same name, which is much frequented for its excellent wines and safe barbor. The run thus far has been tolerably good, still, we are impressed with the idea of a long passage home when compared with the run we had from New York, although probably an average passage for this season of the year.

The Canaries are thirteen in number, and lie in the North Atlantic Ocean, near the continent of Africa. They are in the possession of the Spaniards, and produce corn, silk, tobacco, sugar-cane and grapes. Teneriffe is one of the Canary

islands, the most considerable for riches, trade and population, and abounds in fruits, cattle and game. Part of this island is surrounded by mountains; and one in particular, called the Peak of Teneriffe, is twelve thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The ascent to the Peak from the port of Oratava, at the base of the mountain, is above eleven miles; and the summit is a small crater of about an acre and a half.

Monday, December 4th. We have had a fine and steady run with the trade wind. It has been delightful sailing; we are nearing the land we have so anxiously looked for; we are anticipating soon to meet our friends at home, and are packing and repacking our curiosities and specimens, except the Mummies. They have lain quiet enough ever since we took them in charge; however, they afforded us some amusement; the other night some unaccountable noise was heard "'tween decks," where a number of men had slung their hammocks, which disturbed all hands, especially the two who slept over the mummy's boxes, and all were equally at a loss to account for it: at last it was positively said, that it proceeded from one of the "Mummy boxes;" when, down came one of the men who

slept over it, unslung his hammock, and marched with his bed and bedding to the other side of the ship, and laid himself on the deck, to the infinite merriment of all those about him. To-day the men are catching up one or another's curiosities; a system of barter is going on with much spirit amongst them. The specimens from Lot's Wife Monument are being *broken* and *re*broken, so that "Jack and his chicken" may each have a piece. Their Jordan water is distributed, and every drop caught; one man brought with him a wine bottle full, and he *sells* and *divides* till every man has a thimble-full, and the same system is adopted in regard to the *Dead Sea Water*, which they managed to carry in their baggage; all these small quantities, like so much five dollar gold, is carefully stowed away into some *secret* place. Their curiosities from Bethlehem, and the beads and crosses from the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, are all examined; and while some *beg*, *buy* and *steal*, others stand by and *covet*. The lively gazelles are jumping ing about the deck in their natural playful mood, and the parrots on deck are calling out, "come *here* sir," "what are you *about*," and "*main-top*, there," modulating their voices so correctly, that

one can scarcely tell whether it be the birds or the officer of the deck.

I have looked through my own curiosities, and found one vial of Dead Sea Water, two of Jordan Water, one vial of water from Lebanon, one from the foot of Etna, one from Vesuvius, from the Bay of Naples, one from St. Paul's Bay at Malta, with several fossils from St. Paul's Cave; four rosaries from the Holy Sepulchre; two Crosses; two Crucifixes from the Stable in Bethlehem; two specimens from Lot's Wife's Monument; four copper coins, and several specimens of the rock found on the shores of the Dead Sea; several small smooth stones from the River Jordan; and one small spiral shell found at the Pilgrim's Ford; a small piece of stone from Lazarus's Tomb in Bethany; another from the small mound of Calvary; another from the Mosque of Omar; an Olive Branch, and a piece of the olive trunk wood from Mount Olivet; several small stones from the Mosaic work in the Castle of Massada; a Syrian Locust; a nameless Caterpillar; a remnant of stone from Ephesus, and from Pompeii, &c. &c.; from the Island of Minorca, I have several interesting petrefactions from the centre of an immense bed of rock; also several skins and curiosi-

ties from Africa, which were presented to me by a friend, accompanied by one of their *Deities*, which was procured from a Chief; these I have packed away as carefully and as securely as if they were specimens of the finest gold in the universe. O'er all these I look with the genuine feelings of a miserable old miser.

Thursday, December 7th. At length, after "laying to" all day off Norfolk, Virginia, in a thick fog, and firing guns at intervals for a pilot, we have succeeded in getting one on board, a real American, the first we have seen for many long days, beyond ourselves; and we are exceedingly glad to hear a stranger speak in our own tongue. Forty-six days since we left Gibraltar, homeward bound; and we have only spoken two vessels all the time, one of which told us that "Old Zack Taylor" was president of the United States. The other gave us a little squeaking pig and one barrel of flour, a timely supply, for we were short of provisions. Our pilot is a fine fellow, intelligent and respectful; he takes us up to Hampton roads.

Thus far has the navigation of the ship been of the most satisfactory and perfect character, reflecting great credit upon the commander and his

officers; not a single error or miscalculation has occurred; and at last we are brought up to the very point intended, without a single landmark. Every little pilot-boat, steamboat, light-house, and ship we see now, heightens our anxiety and increases our excitement; we are all in an immense hurry to go ashore, send letters to Post Office, &c. &c. The anxiety on board amounts almost to intoxication; and we scarce know what we are about; at night the songs and dances of the men bespeak the happiness of the moment; here no Quarantine laws provoke us; and man can now hold converse with fellow man from the shore on board his own ship, and we are thankful for that. At length we came up to the anchorage in Hampton Road, and at the command of the Captain, *dash* went the anchor, and away rattled the chain. Here we are, then, once more safe at anchor in our own native land, after thirteen months' absence; during which time we have been wandering upon the ocean, surrounded by its attendant dangers; traveling through the Land of Palestine; surrounded by robbers and blood-thirsty Arabs; navigating the dangerous stream of the River Jordan; surveying the Dead Sea; enduring all the storms and difficulties which

have encompassed us, without experiencing any important or distressing accident or casualty, excepting the lamented death of Lieutenant Dale, whose remains we were compelled to leave behind in the Land of Palestine.

Monday, 11*th*. Last evening I had the pleasure of attending divine service on shore. It happened to be on a baptismal occasion. I frequently, during the sermon, encouraged the wish that the clergyman had had an opportunity of visiting the scenes of Christ's Resurrection and Ascension; of his previous Baptism in the Jordan and of the Baptism of the Eunuch by St. Philip. The benefit of such a visit would be felt in a similar sermon, on such an occasion. At the conclusion of the service three adults, two white and one colored, were baptized by immersion.

The sermon was delivered in a deliberate and appropriate manner. The singing was general throughout the congregation, and of a solemn and soothing tone. Words cannot express the interest I felt during the evening; and yet I left the church somewhat disappointed. I had handed to the sexton a note for the clergyman, expressive of a desire to return thanks to Almighty God for my safe return

from the dangers of the deep; but he neglected to refer to it, and thus I was denied, in some measure, the gratification of the sincere desire of my heart.

On Monday, all hands were paid off, and the expedition thus far satisfactorily closed, we took the steamer for Baltimore; and hastening to our home, we realized the consummation of our intense desires—an interview with our beloved family and friends.

THE END.